

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

This delightful operetta, founded on Booth Tarkington's story, is now being presented by Gilbert Miller with an excellent company of English artists including Marion Green as Beaucaire and Blanche Tomlin as Lady Mary

A PLEA FOR AN ENGLISH THEATRE

New York has a French Theatre, an Italian Theatre, a Yiddish Theatre; why not a theatre where the vernacular is spoken correctly?

By WALTER HARTWIG



IS there anyone who knows whether there has ever been an effort made to establish an English theatre in New York City? We have a fairly permanent Italian theatre, and before the war there was always a German theatre. Of course, there is the Yiddish theatre, and during the war we had a most excellent French theatre and another this season. A significant fact is that the better these performances are the shorter is their season and the more limited is their public, but as that is equally true in the American theatre it is probably to be accepted as a paradox. However, these foreign theatres in "the most cosmopolitan city in the world" always bob up from season to season—all, except an English theatre; that I have never heard of in twenty-five years of theatre-going in New York City.

Of course, we know that there are theatres in New York in which some English is spoken, but for the most part it is *such* English. It does seem that there might be a considerable public for a theatre in New York City in which hall-marked English could be heard, where, for instance, students might go if only to enjoy the rare opportunity of witnessing how cultured people are supposed to express themselves, and by "hall-marked English" is not meant cockney or other dialect exaggerations of speech.

Of course, in such a theatre there would be small chance for the average commercial "success" as we see it on Broadway. That is an industry quite apart from the drama, and carelessness of enunciation and pronunciation, not to mention the lines themselves, is possibly condoned or even encouraged in order to keep the thing consistent with the intelligence of the public it attracts, though it is to be doubted whether even that much consideration is given the subject.



THE writer belongs to that numerous though apparently negligible quantity in the theatre that pays from \$2.20 to \$3.85 at the cage in the lobby in order to be played at from 8:35 until 10:45, with two pauses of twelve minutes each. For this much money we can usually get something back of the fifteenth row in the orchestra, and that gives us the advantage of seeing in front of us our plumber, the butcher with our neighbor's upstairs girl, the chauffeur of the people who live next door, with the girl who waits on us for lunch—all people who were fortunate enough to determine upon more successful careers than we. This money that we hand in to the man behind the bars was accumulated laboriously, perhaps by teaching ethics and logic in a large institution conducted by the Commonwealth.

In our younger days, when we were all starting out on our careers these same folk were up in the gallery with us, and we used to lean over the rail and thank goodness that the standard for the entertainment (which at that time was quite endurable from 8 o'clock or 8:15 until 11) was set by the people who came by carriage and horses. The taxicab and the limousine deposit quite another crew in the orchestra to-day, and the assumption is that they are setting the standard now; however, the writer is a guileless creature; there may be no standard at all, or if there

is, it may be fixed in some banking establishment.

There seems little reason why art and the theatre might not be allied in America, just as they are in the foreign countries. It is safe to say that civilization has a great deal to do with it and that in time some such consummation may be achieved here; but the prospect is not bright. The passing of Jacques Copeau seems to have made little impression on either actors or producers in New York. Perhaps it is the old story of the sow's ear and the silk purse. Copeau's *clientèle* was comparatively small, but it represented that very significant if impotent following of the drama that recognized an alliance between aesthetics and the stage. It wasn't at all necessary to understand French to appreciate Copeau, but it certainly was necessary to understand a lot of other things.



OF course, it is absurd to suppose that an English theatre in New York could "pull down" \$28,000 a week at the various box offices that are everywhere but at the theatre itself. It would be "Follies" to expect that, but it would be an interesting experiment if a man of Mr. Ames' or Mr. Tyler's standing should inaugurate a season of plays written in English and acted in English, with the lines carefully read and the words pronounced according to Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls at least.

The doubt is granted that in the beginning such an enterprise would have to wrestle with starvation and live mostly on hope, as is the way with affairs in the theatres that attempt to set a high standard, but the wonder is that there is no one ever born in this country, the country of our own birth with money as well as ideals, or at least ideals that reach beyond the giving of libraries, colleges and "foundations." It seems a kind of folly to send legions of America's youth to the colleges every year to prepare them to appreciate how deficient we are, at least in aesthetics, as compared with our foreign cousins, who from all accounts are hopelessly our inferiors, especially from the accounts of those of us who have never seen our "cousins" in their own habitat.



WE had the disgusting thrill the other day of listening to what, at least one reviewer regarded as America's leading actor, work magnificently up to a climax, and when he had all the attention of his audience riveted upon him, their faculties perfectly concentrated on a spectacular exit speech, shout at the top of his voice, "Tah-mah-rah," when according to the context he probably meant to say, "Tomorrow." A little later on, but at a time when it was somewhat less fatal to illusion, we heard from this same player something about the "Peash of my shoe."

In another theatre was heard a cast of ten or twelve people who were supposedly portraying people of wealth, if not refinement (it was a farce) spray the atmosphere with every imaginable carelessness of American speech, and a butler who started out with something that sounded

like a cross between bad Lancashire and hair-lip, furnished, before the evening was over, a veritable anthology of American phonetic malpractice. Now a butler's lingo may easily be a thing of shreds and patches, but this butler's was a lingo of shredded patches.

Fortunately, we have a lot of good English actors over here now. Not that the average American actor will learn how to speak English from them—oh, no; for that the American actor is too patriotic, but as the English actor can never be cast for an American part because of his inability to portray the type, he is open to take on English parts when such plays are done. And this in time may obviate the necessity of having to witness, as we did last season, the sad spectacle of a first-class English musical comedy made over from a classic farce, through which American actors strutted with never an idea of what they were about.

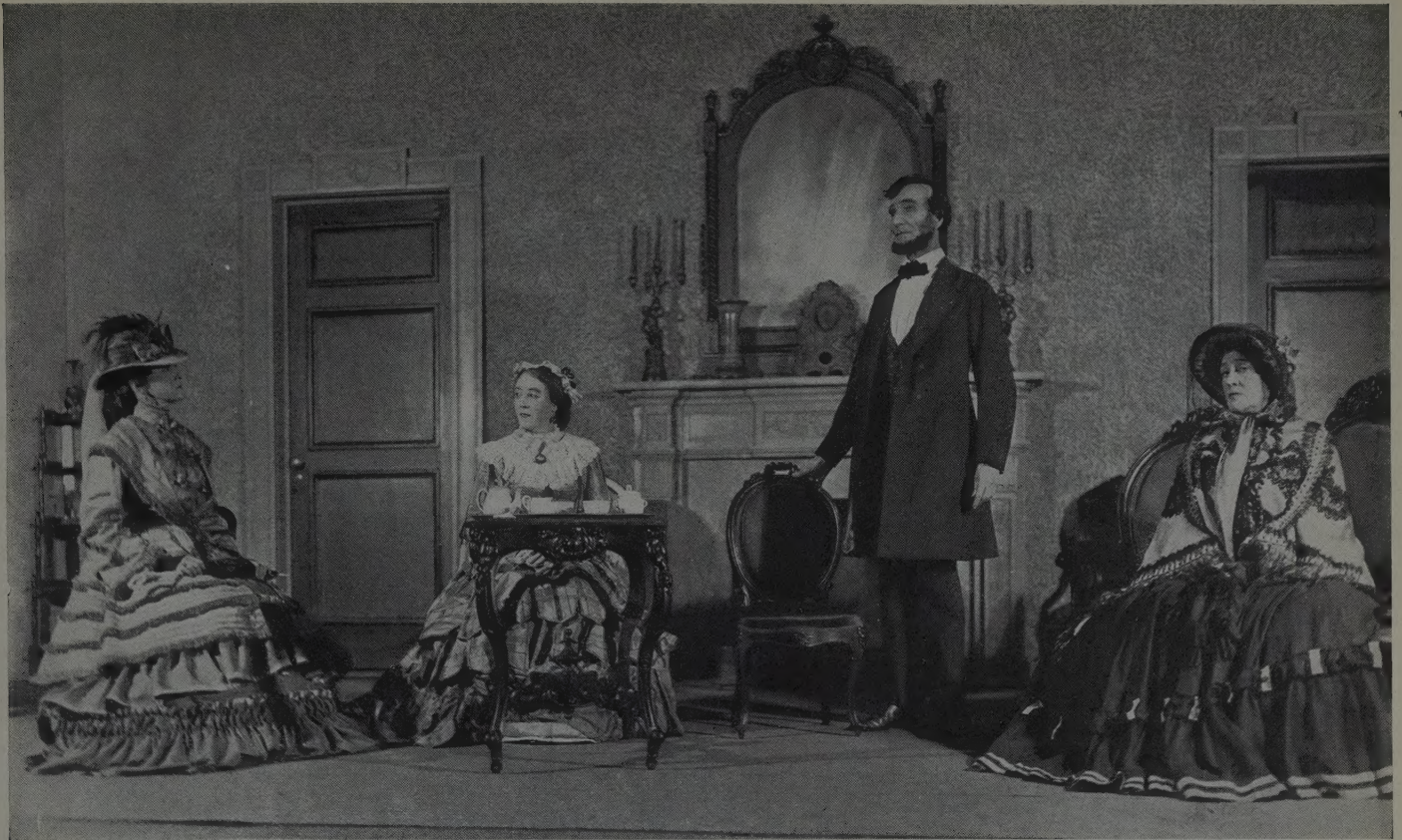
A few years ago a pair of well established stars who carried in their bag of tricks, idealism, poetry and romanticism, found the going hard among the "\$2.00 tops" peddling the poetic drama. It was then almost the last remnant of what the theatre had stood for formerly in America and still does abroad, but whoever arranges such matters booked them for Coventry. However, now they are back. Standards have changed in the theatre, as everywhere else. By charging \$5.50 for an orchestra chair, these stars are brought within the consideration of the plumber, the laundress, the gas-fitter, the waitress and the grocer with the upstairs maid, and away from the calculating judgment of the \$2 person who has done four years in Yale.



THE golden tones and the Chesterfieldian English have found in the desert air the true echo of appreciation, the proof of which, in true American fashion, is fixed by the statement made by the uninspired fellow in the cage in the lobby—the least dramatic element in the theatre.

The daily papers in New York make a practice of writing about new plays. Such articles appear usually in the next issue after a play's first production—nice, inoffensive articles, not long enough to do any harm and certainly too short to do any good. These are done in some instances by writers who have a real aptitude for turning a smart phrase, whether apropos or not.

Here it would seem might be an excellent field for someone who understood the drama (and English) and having the knowledge, had also the time and the conviction, and with it of course the courage, or whatever it is that is now the deterrent, to tell his potential employer (the man with the two cents for the paper) what is actually going on in the theatre. One day we shall have such departments in the daily press because they have had them for a long time in England and on the continent. England has a string of such writers with knowledge, conviction and courage—a Mr. Walkley and a Mr. Shaw have found the field of endeavor rich in opportunity, and their employers—meaning again the men with the pennies—have found them most reliable and trustworthy.



MRS. BLOW
(Mary Horne Morrison)

MRS. LINCOLN
(Winifred Hanley)

LINCOLN
(Frank McGlynn)

MRS. OTHERLY
(Jennie A. Eustace)

LINCOLN'S HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Mrs. Otherly: *"Isn't it possible for you to stop this war? In the name of a suffering country, I ask you that."*

Lincoln: *Ma'am, I have but one thought always—how can this thing be stopped. But we must insure the integrity of the Union. In two years war has become an hourly bitterness to me. I believe I suffer no less than any man.*



Photos by Ira D. Schwarz

THE MEETING OF THE CABINET AT WASHINGTON

Lincoln: *"I think the moment has come. May I read it to you again? 'It is proclaimed that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free.'"*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GLORIFIED IN A NOTABLE ENGLISH PLAY

TRIBULATIONS THAT BESET THE PLAYER

Funny situations on the stage brought about by forgetful property men

By TAYLOR CAVEN



ACTORS and actresses sometimes have to depend upon their own wit and ingenuity to bring them through difficult spots in a play, especially when that piece is new. Probably the most-feared object on a stage is the unstable "prop" and moreover the unstable stage manager, and property manager.

When "I. O. U." was playing at the Belmont Theatre a short time ago, one of the properties of the third act was a telephone. It was essential, for the heroine was being practically held for ransom in the rooms of the villain, and word was to come over the telephone regarding a \$10,000 ransom which was to release her.

The third act had begun and had progressed up to the point where the telephone was supposed to ring. Then there was an awkward pause. José Ruben, who was on the stage with Mary Nash, looked for the telephone, but it was not on the table where it should have been.

Mr. Ruben did what a good many actors of the modern school would have done. He stepped down to the footlights and informed the audience that the telephone had accidentally been left off the stage, and as it was essential to the continuance of the play, the curtain would have to be rung down for a few moments. The stage manager, taking his cue from the actor's speech, rang down the curtain; the telephone was placed on the stage, and the curtain went up again and the play proceeded. But most of the illusion, of course, had vanished.



A PROPERTY MAN, as you see, is invaluable and his "forgettery" must be of the smallest sort if he ever wants to be a success at the game.

Actors and property men are not infallible, and slips of one sort or another are continually being made. Players miss their cues and are late for entrance, precipitating that terrible pause, known as the stage wait; essential props are, either not in their places, when required, or, as in the case of guns which do not go off at the proper moment, fail to respond at the proper time; an actor forgets his lines or omits an important bit of business; the scenery misbehaves at the vital moment—and a hundred and one other little things can happen to mar or even completely ruin a play. Sometimes a quick-witted actor can save the situation, but very often the affair is of such a nature that nothing can be done to remedy the matter.

The actor of a generation ago, less carefully drilled than the performer of today, probably would have bluffed his way through the missing telephone dilemma and thus avoided ringing down the curtain. For example, he would have stood with his back to the audience in the doorway and pretended the telephone was off-stage.

Mr. William Seymour, the veteran stage producer, tells how Lester Wallack filled a stage wait of from three to five minutes when an actor failed to appear on a cue.

The occasion was a performance of Sardou's "Diplomacy," with Wallack as the hero and John Howson as the villainous Baron Stein. The scene was the old Park Theatre in Boston, the

dressing rooms of which were high up in the wings and could only be reached by a small winding stairway.

Howson, completely misjudging the time, was high up in his dressing room at the moment when he should have stepped upon the stage. Wallack, looking out into the wings, saw the stage manager look around and wildly dash up the stairs after Howson, and Wallack knew that a stage wait of five minutes was inevitable, so he started in:

"Ah," he exclaimed, looking out of the window, "a carriage is drawing up to the curb. The Baron alights. He approaches the door—" and so on, tracing the Baron's course until Howson arrived and entered at the proper time.



IT was Wallack who also turned a dangerous situation to dramatic account in the performance of T. W. Robertson's "Home" at the old Wallack Theatre at Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

The play contains a scene in which the hero is ordered from his father's house for one reason or another, at the end of which scene the father storms from the room, leaving his son to make his exit afterward.

This was before the days of electricity, and just as the father went out the artificial flowers on the mantelpiece took fire. Wallack walked calmly over and extinguished the blaze, and then looked toward the door through which his father had just passed.

"He may have ordered me from his house," he said, "but I had at least had the satisfaction of having saved his home from burning down before I went."

You have probably heard that story told by the old actor of the scene in the play where the prisoner files through the prison bars and makes his escape over the wall only to be shot by the waiting guard.

The file had been brought fully into the plot, so that the audience was fully aware that the prisoner had it. On the night in question the prisoner stood on the wall after having filed his way out. The guard pulled the trigger, but the gun failed to go off, and yet the prisoner fell from the wall, but instead of falling dead, he staggered to the footlights and exclaimed:



MY GOD!" he gasped. "I've swallowed the file!" And fell dead.

The gun which does not go off is one of the most common occurrences in the question of failing properties. If some man could invent a gun that would go off without fail he would make a fortune. The case of one man shooting another and the victim falling happened one night in a production, and the gun failed to go off. The quick-witted actor looked at his gun a moment and exclaimed.

"These Maxim silencers are great things," and the play went on.

At one of the performances of "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theatre John Barrymore's pistol

failed to go off. He had reached the suicide episode in the last act. The pressing of the trigger in this instance is accompanied by a leap into the air, and Barrymore had so timed matters that he leaps just a second in advance of the shot. At this particular performance the property man had inserted the blank and twirled the cylinder of the six-shooter so that Barrymore had to press the trigger six times before the shot, thus spoiling his death leap.

Arthur Byron of the "Tea For Three" company is alleged to have told the story of a melodrama in which he was supposed to shoot E. J. Henley only to find that the gun would not go off. He made several attempts and then Henley whispered, "Stab—me! Stab—me!" But Byron had nothing with which to stab his victim, so he clubbed him to death with the pistol, and the audience was none the wiser.

Even the occasional playgoers have noticed the actors' habits of locking doors by turning imaginary keys and perhaps have wondered why real keys have not been used. The answer is that real keys are frequently used, but are more frequently lost, with danger to the success of the play.

On the opening night of the "Blue Envelope" the entire cast was thrown out of its stride by George Probert's failure to close a door. A real key had been used in Atlantic City, but here the key fell to the floor, and Probert, fussed at not finding the key, went out and left the door open. As this was essentially a comedy of doors, the damage was irretrievable.



WHEN the "Missing Lady" was first produced in Atlantic City a key was again the source of trouble. Inez Buck, kidnapped and chained down by Lewis Stone, was supposed to overpower Stone and take the key from his pocket, thus making her escape. At this performance the key was not in Stone's pocket. The lady, unable to make the escape planned by the authors, sat down in the middle of the stage and cried. The curtain was rung down on this scene.

One of the best of the missing "prop" stories concerns James O'Neill, who was appearing a number of years ago in "Virginius." In this play another character was supposed to bring to O'Neill an urn containing the ashes of his dead sweetheart. Once, when the actor was about to make his entrance he could not find the urn, and, looking about him, snatched up a water cooler and conveyed that to the kneeling O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill put out his hand, as was his wont, to touch the urn and was unlucky enough to touch the spigot and turn it. The ice-cold water trickled up his sleeve. He gave no sign that he was in discomfort, but continued the scene to the end.

Richard Mansfield, in "Ivan the Terrible," used a green hassock in the throne room scene. During the run at the New Amsterdam Theatre the hassock became so worn that the actor demanded it to be reupholstered. Accordingly, the stage manager took the hassock to the upholsterer early Saturday morning, hoping to have it finished in time for Monday's performance. It failed to arrive, (Concluded on page 62)



From a portrait by Aoue

W A L T E R H A M P D E N

This noted actor heads the tremendous cast that is appearing in the pageant-drama "The Wayfarer," a story of the Master presented by the Interchurch World Movement at the Madison Square Garden



Photos Abbe

Henry Stephenson and Jane Cowl as the bride and groom of fifty years ago in the new comedy, "Smilin' Through"

MARION DOCKERILL

One of the pretty girls in "Irene" at the Vanderbilt Theatre, a new musical comedy built around the idea that a woman is made by the gowns she wears





From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

F L O R E N C E O ' D E N I S H A W N

*With youth, beauty and grace to her credit,
it is little wonder that this young dancer
is one of the hits of "Hitchy-Koo 1919"*

MAETERLINCK—BELGIUM'S MYSTIC POET

Distinguished author of "The Blue Bird" coming to America to lecture for the benefit of his unfortunate and devastated country

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

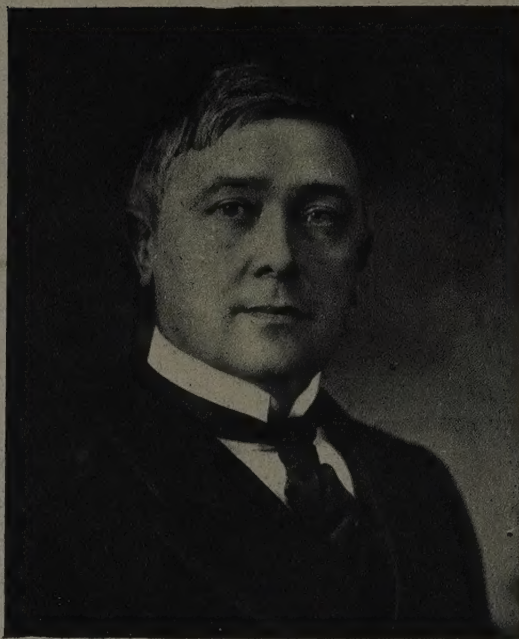


FOR one, I am sorry to see that mystery which, to the American, has always surrounded Maurice Maeterlinck, about to be dispelled. I likewise pity this lover of solitude when he is caught in the vortex of American curiosity, and finds his modest soul twisted by the hero-worship of the New World public. Many years ago I was in Boston, when it was bruited about that Maeterlinck had landed, incognito, on American soil, and was lurking somewhere in the Hub City. A hotel was mentioned, and reporters shadowed this shadow of a report for many days. But it turned out that Maeterlinck had resisted the invitation to come; he contented himself by remaining among the flowers of southern Europe.

There has always been something rather fine about the mystery of the man; it was in accord with the shadowiness of his marionette plays; about it there was something of the rare symbolism which marks his essays. But now he has been persuaded that he, as a representative Belgian poet and moralist, owes America a debt of gratitude, even as King Albert and Cardinal Mercier, and that his presence among us will bring the much-needed aid to his stricken Belgium. So the New Year will find him lecturing through the country. We wonder if this Belgian Shakespeare will be besieged, as was Lord Dunsany. Only the other day the author of "The Gods of the Mountain" saw one of his pieces given by Miss Lewisoohn at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and the audience surrounded him on the sidewalk, clamoring for his autograph. Such is the wildness of the lion-seeker.

It is hinted that when "The Blue Bird" is given its *première* at the Metropolitan Opera House, Maeterlinck, who will be offered a box for the gala occasion, will be required to stand and bow his thanks to the diamond horseshoe. Poor Maeterlinck, lover of silence, none too great a lover of music—is he endowed with some of the laughter of the Gods, and will he take it with a sense of humor, or will he, like Rabindranath Tagore, suddenly waken to the fact that to present his person as a spectacle is not worth the agony of spirit which we predict he will go through?

If there were some quiet channels through which Maeterlinck could visit us, we would welcome his approach for our own good. If he could be taken to our theatres and could see, without being looked at, what we are consuming in the name of Art, he might diagnose our dramatic trouble in a series of essays which would do us more good than a talk—with his audience only half-listening. We can imagine some shallow-minded person looking at him and saying, "Do you believe in the after-life?" and his replying, "I have written on the subject!" Which reminds me of what Georges Brandes, friend of Ibsen and one of the greatest of Scandinavian critics, who visited us just before the war, said of Americans: "You ask me my opinions. Your



© Elliott and Fry

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The mystic poet of devastated Belgium, comes to America this winter to attend the première of his opera, "The Bluebird," under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera House, for the benefit of the devastated regions of Belgium and France. M. Maeterlinck will remain in America to lecture

reporters fall over themselves to get some statement as to my beliefs. I have written forty volumes, but you will not read me!" The Catechism of the Admirer confronts Maurice Maeterlinck on his first visit to America.

The Belgian cannot get behind the smoke screen of not speaking English. Think what a comfort it has been for Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," who has just reached New York, not to know a word of English! To question him, you have to attack his interpreter, who acts as a sort of shock-absorber. But Maeterlinck has, in his lifetime, taken special care to master English, to such an extent that he has translated "Macbeth," and a play of John Ford's, "Tis a Pity She's a Whore," and reads Emerson, as the priest reads his breviary. He will be exposed to the blast of popularity. It is something hard to associate with so reticent a man.

But that he has always had something to say to America is evident to any reader of his many books. Those who have conjured up a picture of a cloudy dreamer, who would rather be in the clouds than with both feet on earth, have the wrong Maeterlinck in mind. He is a scientist, but a scientist who has reconciled perfectly the physical workings of nature with the spiritual laws of poetry. Where could one find a more perfect exemplification of this than in "The Life of the Bee," "The Intelligence of Flowers," and the random essays on perfumes and kindred subjects? He sees the souls of things, like Tytl,

but that does not mean that he fails to consider reality as well.

He has written on "Chance," after visiting Monte Carlo, no doubt, and he will find the "same old chance," with the same laws of action and reaction, on the Stock Exchange, if he is taken there for a visit. Next to Kipling, I believe Maeterlinck more than any other writer, has made a student, even to the most casual reader, that there is poetry in machinery. Read his essay on the automobile, which throbs with spiritual law, as Kipling's "007" throbs with human responsiveness. Having taken boxing lessons himself—we recall how the papers joked about it, for he was exercising just at the time Roosevelt was learning jiu jitsu at the White House—he is proud of the fist, and has dedicated a touching essay to this—man's one natural weapon of defense—a weapon which spelled defeat to Willard in brute terms, but which spells higher meanings of power and expertness to the Belgian philosopher. In other words, nothing is beneath the observation of Maeterlinck, though his admirers have come to consider that "his was like a star and dwelt apart." It is that in "the meaneast flower that grows" can find "thoughts that do often lie deep for tears." But give him the credit for seeking the highest in the lowest, and you get a Maeterlinck more in touch with democracy, more in sympathy with what he hopes is the ideal of American life.

Whether the war has aged him, weighed him with sadness, his visit will show. His volume of war essays, "The Wrack of the Storm," reveals how curiously he reacted to public service. Being too old for military duty—as a boy how negligent he was, when a member of the Civic Guard, of his gun which was never clean until the last moment—he volunteered to gather in the harvest. Then, as his book hints, he went on several missions, propaganda trips, and transformed events, as he always does, into the universal meaning for the soul of man. The part of him is the mystic—the part which has always interested the literary world. But in the past, Maeterlinck has seemed to many of us a robust individual—one fond of fishing, bicycling, skating, canoeing; one who works in the open with his bees and flowers. Certainly, those who visited him at his Abbey of St. Wandrille brought back reports of a prosperous-looking bourgeois rather than the ascetic-looking poet, which pictures taken at the time he was writing his neurotic poems, "Serres Chaudes," showed him to be, with his drooping moustache and sad features. The latter atmosphere was in the day when Maeterlinck first went to Paris, and was shipped at the feet of Mallarmé and De L'Isle Adam. It was after that dangerous time, from which many of his associates did not escape, that Maeterlinck began to write his nebulous dramas—his filmy creations—he burned a thin spirit lamp at the shrine of Shakespeare in "The Princess Maleine"; an infantile naïveté played with the passion (Continued on page 6)



Photos White

Teresa Maxwell-Conover, Clifton Crawford and Frank Morgan in the delightful new comedy, "My Lady's Friends"



(Left)

Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger as the couple who get married, divorced and married again in "Wedding Bells" at the Harris

TWO COMEDY HITS ON BROADWAY



Elsie Janis, the sweetheart of the A. E. F., and a tiny member of her gang, appearing in her new revue at the George M. Cohan Theatre

IRISH PHILOSOPHY

YOU may feel a bit of sadness
 Without really being sad,
 You may sense a touch of gladness
 Without really being glad,
 You may even feel some madness
 Without being *really mad*—
 But when it comes to badness
 Then look out.

For a little bit of sadness
 Will catch a fellow's eye,
 And a little bit of gladness
 Will send his spirits high,
 And with a little madness
 You may very well get by!
 But when it comes to badness
 There's a doubt.

For there's sadness that depresses,
 And there's madness that distresses,
 Also gladness that expresses
 What the joy of life's about.
 You can do without the sadness,
 And the madness or the gladness,
 But that little bit of badness
 People cannot live without.

ELSIE JANIS



From a portrait by Abbe

LAURETTE TAYLOR

*As Madame L'Enigme, the Italian fortune teller
in the new play by her husband, J. Hartley
Manners, entitled "One Night in Rome"*



Photos White

DOROTHY DALTON AS
CHRYISIS

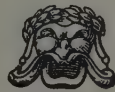
The popular star of the films who made her stage debut in the leading rôle of "Aphrodite" and who, for beauty and diction, ran away with the honors

McKAY MORRIS AS
DEMETRIOS

The young sculptor who commits sacrilege to gratify the desire of Chrysis, is acted by this young actor with considerable power

"APHRODITE" A SUMPTUOUS SPECTACLE

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



BELASCO. "THE SON DAUGHTER." Drama in three acts by George Scarborough and David Belasco. Produced Nov. 19, with this cast:

Lien Wha	Lenore Ulric
Doctor Lum Low	Marion Abbott
Toy Yah	Jane Ferrell
Doctor Dong Tong	Thomas Findlay
Tom Lee	Edmond Lowe
Sin Kai	Albert Bruning
Fang Fou Hy	Frederic Burt
Fen-Sha	Harry Mestayer
Wing	John Willard
Kang	Richard Malchien
Chao Pingkium	Nick Long
General Yuan	Henry Weaver
Wu Git	John Amory
Kai Pai	W. T. Clark
Chow Chang	Charles R. Burrows
Yick	John Mellon
Choy	Willis Spencer
Ling	William Crowell
Kee-Po	Bert Hyde
Yat	Lawrence Wood
Chu	Edmond Norris

THE best one can say of "The Son Daughter" is that it gives an interesting glimpse into certain secret recesses of the world's most cosmopolitan city rarely seen even by the boldest slum explorer. The worst that can be said of the piece is that it is good old melodrama skilfully camouflaged by a master producer than whom none knows better how to mix and blend the dramatic colors on his palette.

George Scarborough, whose share in the production is probably the plot and most of the dialogue, will be remembered as the author of "The Lure," a highly spiced exposé of vicious conditions in the so-called red light district of New York. Again we have the red lights, but this time the lurid red glare is reflected from Chinatown's tortuous streets where the rival factions are noisily celebrating and counter-demonstrating in connection with the revolution in China.

The first act shows the home in Pell Street of Dr. Dong Tong, a Chinese patriot of the better class. Heart and soul he is for the rising that will set China free, but he knows he is watched by the unscrupulous emissaries of Fang Fou Hy, the arch enemy of liberty, one of the most dreaded of whom is a Chinese assassin known as "the sea crab."

Enters precipitately Sin Kai, a revolutionary leader. He cries out that the patriot's cause is lost unless

\$100,000 is at once forth coming to pay for a shipment of rifles now ready to sail from Vancouver. He appeals to Dr. Tong to be one of four patriots to raise the \$100,000. The Doctor is only too willing to help but he is poor. Where could he raise \$25,000? Sin Kai says he must do what other patriots have done—betroth his daughter, the beautiful Lien Wha, to the local Chinese merchant who will pay most for her. Horrified by the suggestion, Dong Tong rebels, but finally yields. He will sacrifice his daughter to the revolution.

But Lien Wha, naive and playful as a little kitten, already loves Tom Lee, ostensibly a poor student but actually the heir to the prince who heads the revolution. On learning her fate, Lien Wha's first impulse is rebellion and flight, but love for her country at last impels her to make the supreme sacrifice. The wealthy merchants come to bid for her hand, but no one will pay so much as Fen Sha, the gambler, who really is the dreaded "sea crab."

It is in the last act that the drama begins. The scene shows a Chinese wedding in progress. Lien Wha's father has been assassinated, and the girl by this time has learned the identity of the scoundrel she married. It is Tosca all over again. The last tableau where the newly married pair retire to rest is played behind a thin red veil curtain on a dimly lighted stage. After a tense scene the girl revenges the death of her father by strangling her husband in the nuptial bed.

The play is splendidly acted, Albert Bruning carrying off more than the ordinary honors as the Revolutionary leader. Lenore Ulric is charming as the Chinese maiden. She played the part with a light touch and in the more dramatic scenes rose to fine emotional heights. Mention must also be made of Thomas Findlay, who gave dignity to the part of the father, Dong Tong, and Edmund Lowe was tactful and convincing as Tom Lee, the student prince. Harry Mestayer gave an unusually fine performance as Fen Sha, the gambler assassin.

MAXINE ELLIOTT. "THE UNKNOWN WOMAN." Melodrama in

four acts by Marjorie Blaine and Willard Mack, based on a play by Stanley Lewis. Produced Nov. 10, with this cast:

Joel Emerson	Felix Krembs
Gerald Hastings	Lumsden Hare
Margaret Emerson	Marjorie Rambeau
Mr. Warrington	Dodson L. Mitchell
Mr. Crosby	Lincoln Plumer
Richard Normand	Hugh Dillman
Mr. Mannering	Roy Walling
Millicent Emerson	Fan Bourke
Mrs. Lyons	Annie Mack Berlein
Lizzie	Florence Burdett
Claire Hastings	Jean Robertson
Mrs. Burns	Alice May
Quinlan	John Sharkey
Patrolman Kelly	Willis Reed

A MAN, accused of a crime who can only extricate himself at the cost of a woman's honor is becoming one of the accepted cruces in modern dramatic construction. With varying applications it has served its purpose in several plays within the last few years. Again it is called into requisition. This time it is served up in "The Unknown Woman." This play, of Yiddish origin, by Stanley Lewis was Englished, horrible word, by Marjorie Blaine and Willard Mack. By no stretch of the imagination can it be described as a good one—its final scene is a lamentable anti-climax, but prior thereto there are at least two if not three incidents—each as old as the hills—which still possess the value of stirring the theatrical imagination.

Joel Emerson, acted with fine emotional intensity by Felix Krembs, is a bad husband and a faithless politician who has been elected Governor of the State. His much abused wife was the early sweetheart of a District Attorney subsequently married to a dope fiend who has made his life a hell. Mrs. Joel and the district attorney decide to elope and while in the process—a purely pure one—although the venture did cover an entire night, the dope fiend commits suicide accusing with her dying breath the district attorney. In establishing an alibi he would naturally blast Mrs. Joel's reputation. He remains silent, is convicted and goes to jail.

Under these premises Miss Rambeau, as the governor's wife, has a fine denunciatory opportunity when her husband finds out that she was not playing bridge all night, but was

otherwise employed. When he further refuses to reprieve the district attorney and locks her in, she has additional opportunities to violent emotional display. Very fair to look upon, Miss Rambeau handled her scenes with all the resourceful skill of a tried and true routinère.

Lumsden Hare was dignified and sincere as the district attorney and Jean Robertson as the drug addicted wife gave an interpretation as graphically repellent as it was historically sure. There were at least seven or eight other rôles, most of them entirely arbitrary.

SELWYN. "BUDDIES." Comedy in two acts and an epilogue by George V. Hobart with lyrics and music by B. C. Hilliam. Produced on October 27 with this cast:

Biff, the sergeant	Robert Middlemas
Buddy	Bert Melville
Hank	George B. George
Abie	Adrian H. Rosley
Johnny	Horace A. Ruwe
Pete	Frank R. Woods
Rube	Richard Cramer
Babe	Roland Young
Sonny	Donald Brian
Madame Benoit	Camille Dalberg
Marie	Annette Monteil
Babette	Pauline Garon
Julie	Peggy Wood
Alphonse Pettibois	Edouard Durand
Louise Maitland	Maxine Brown

BUDDIES" is the somewhat attractive title of G. V. Hobart's latest comedy with music—the latter being the too occasional contribution of B. C. Hilliam.

More Hilliam and less Hobart would have made "Buddies" a landmark entertainment. The Hobart comedy lines are not among this clever writer's best by any means and his play is over-burdened with a melodramatic plot which permits business to interfere with pleasure. For instance, there is a scene where a soldier boy in France gets news of the death of his mother. It is a good scene—the one human touch in the play—and brought the tears. Having sufficiently depressed their public, it was up to the authors to liven things up again. The latter scene should have been instantly followed by a lively Hilliam jingle. There are other episodes which give more wind than melody to this new Selwyn production.

The plot concerns "Babe," an American doughboy billeted with his squad in what, take it from the programme, is "quaint Brittany." Babe falls in love with Julie Benoit, a Brittany girl, daughter of the peasant woman in whose home he is billeted. Babe is of the bashful

variety, and Julie, in order to prompt him into a state of jealousy which might urge him on to propose, enters into a mock engagement with "Sonny," another of the soldiers.

Then enters friend plot in the guise of a French villain who quite out-New-Stars any villain we have seen in the last three seasons. By blackmailing the memory of Julie's soldier brother, killed in battle, the Frenchman forces her to accept him as a fiancé. But the Yankee squad objects to this sacrifice, shows up the villain and Babe is galvanized into appropriate action. Not satisfied with that plot, Mr. Hobart brings over from Brooklyn, the sweetheart of Sonny who arrives in time to crack a large number of stale Brooklyn jokes, and throw confusion into the mock engagement situation. This silly stuff forces its attention on the audience at times when it would much prefer to hear an encore of Roland Young's singing "Darling I—!"

Mr. Young as Babe does as good a piece of work as has been shown this season and makes a trip to "Buddies" well worth while. Peggy Wood as Julie lends a great deal of charm and harmony to the rôle. Donald Brian is miscast as Sonny, but is nimble-toed as usual. All the other parts are very well handled.

Considerable effort has been made to give illusion to the doughboy squad, and be it said that the management meets with success in this particular. There is conviction to the command of "'Spection Arms!" given by Robert Middlemas, the sergeant, who is as good a "top" as any we have seen off the stage. And the final curtain instead of showing Babe with an armful of Julie falls on a scene of the soldiers turning in at the sound of taps, the night before they are to sail for home.

GARRICK. "THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM." Comedy in four acts by Lillian Sabine, based on the novel by William Dean Howells. Produced on November 25 with this cast:

Silas Lapham	James K. Hackett
Batty Hubbard	Milton Pope
Persis Lapham	Grace Henderson
Katie	Nell Hamilton
Milton Rogers	Henry Stillman
Penelope Lapham	Majorie Vonnegut
Irene Lapham	Grace Knell
Tom Corey	Noel Leslie
Anna Bellingham	Corey (Mrs. Bromfield Corey)
Bromfield Corey	Helen Westley
Nanny Corey	Walter Howe
Lily Corey	Mary Blair
Edith Kingsbury	Grace Ade
Mrs. Henry Bellingham	Mildred Keats
	Nell Hamilton

Charles Bellingham	Richard Abbott
Mrs. James Bellingham	Sara Enright
James Bellingham	William Nelson
Mr. Sewell	Erskine Sanford
Mrs. Sewell	Mary True
Mr. Seymour	Robert Donaldson
Robert Chase	Walter Geer
Mr. Dunham	Henry Travers

IN presenting 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' the Theatre Guild has attempted to pay a tribute to the fame of William Dean Howells," says the program at the Garrick Theatre, "and to the memory of what is best and sweetest in the charming period of American Letters which is symbolized in his masterpiece."

With the above explanation it might be sufficient to say that the attempt has been abortive, for while Lillian Sabine, who dramatized this comedy of American life, may have done her durndest, she has only succeeded in painting a picture of fleeting and altogether passive interest. The loyal following of the Theatre Guild may put it across for a brief space, but in a regular Broadway house with a regular cast and a regular management it is doubtful if the piece could hold its own for any length of time against classic—less but more interesting and amusing productions which are offered to the public of the metropolis. The picture of the period—that of 1875—is doubtless correct, but the characters move in a sort of mechanical groove from which they never seem able to step out and become really human.

The most marvellous part of the whole performance was to realize or to try to realize that the swash-buckling young blade who slashed his way through "The Prisoner of Zenda," a generation ago, was the repressed "Down East" father of Penelope, for James K. Hackett, as the visiting star of The Theatre Guild, gave a faultless characterization of Silas. After an absence of five years from the stage, Mr. Hackett returned to give a presentation that as a piece of artistry is as splendid as anything he has ever done.

Marjorie Vonnegut was a wholly loveable Penelope, just such a girl as we are sure the period produced in quantities to make the wonderful mothers of to-day. As the sincere sweetheart, the self-sacrificing sister and daughter, and the adorable little book-worm she was as lifelike as her mechanical part would permit. Grace Henderson as Persis Lapham, the wife of Silas was just such a mother as our own grandmothers are and Grace Knell as Irene, the sister of Penelope was quite a



Photocraft

Hilda Spong, Norman Trevor, Billie Burke and Margaret Dale in Somerset Maugham's new play, "Caesar's Wife" at the Liberty



White

Annie Mack Berlein, Marjorie Rambeau, Fan Bourke, Hugh Dillman and Felix Krembs in "The Unknown Woman," the new melodrama at Maxine Elliott's

FAVORITE STARS IN NEW PLAYS

charming little girl. Helen Westley as Mrs. Corey and Walter Howe as Mr. Corey were as good as their parts permitted, moving accurately as the wires were worked, but Silas so over-shadowed the whole numerous cast that they had but little chance to make the impress of their personalities adhere, with the further exception of Noel Leslie, who made an uninteresting Tom Corey, being if anything, more unreal than the others.

FULTON. "LINGER LONGER LETTY." Comedy with music in three acts by Anna Nichols. Music by Alfred Goodman, lyrics by Bernard Grosman. Produced on November 20 with this cast:

Letty	Charlotte Greenwood
Nancy	Eleanor Henry
Mayme	Olga Roller
Juliet	Marjorie McClintock
Mrs. Brewster	Louise Mink
Ethelmay	Bernice Hirsch
Roberta	Frances Victory
Marie	Virginia Travares
Jim	Olin Howland
Walter	Arthur Hartley
Colonel	Cyril Ring
Lazelle	Frances Bendsten
Father	Oscar Figman

A CLEVER artist is Charlotte Greenwood, and always a delight even when laboring under the disadvantage of playing in a "Linger Longer Letty," the new comedy with music offered by Mr. Morosco. There are few—very few—comediennes on the American stage who combine so many natural qualities and I am glad to welcome her back to the boards after so long an absence. "Linger Longer Letty" starts with a good first act, gets bad in the second and worse in the third. The shrewd play-goer doesn't wait for the last act these days, however. It is a sure way to avoid disappointment. Out of some twenty plays running in New York I can think of only two with last acts that are worth waiting for.

Miss Greenwood is Letty, one of several daughters in a well-to-do but servantless household. Her endowments as a cook and her imperfections as a beauty make her the natural selection for drudge and she is employed in making pies and pressing clothes during times the other girls are out with their beaux. Jim, a sailor just discharged from the navy, no beauty himself and not as popular with the girls as his brother, a dashing army officer, is enamoured of Nancy, who will, however, have none of him. Letty has her eye on Jim's brother, who dis-

regards her passion and pursues Nancy.

To relieve the strain of being homely and unloved, Letty and Jim enter into a pact whereby they agree mutually to tell each other their faults. The effect of some "vamp" clothes on Letty and a moustache and a haircut on Jim is radical and they become the town swells. Of course, the tide of love turns in their favor and Letty finds Jim's brother courting her, while Nancy falls for Jim's fatal moustache. But Cupid will play his little pranks and Letty and Jim find they have fallen in love with each other.

Miss Greenwood as Letty and Olin Howland as the lanky, nobody-loves-me gob, do some deft playing that in spots is as good comedy as I've seen in several seasons. The last few minutes of the first act is of a calibre which if maintained throughout would make "Linger Longer Letty" delightful entertainment. But the last two acts are so weakly constructed as almost to indicate having been done by other authors. Even Miss Greenwood and Mr. Howland cannot pull "Linger Longer Letty" off the shelf of the common-place. But if you have an hour or so I recommend running in to see that first act. It has a good set, a good song—"The 20th Century Lullaby"—excellent comedy, and a most entrancing kiddy named Frances Victory.

For the rest this new musical play is poor. Broadway deserves better and should get better, and at least if there are no geniuses writing songs for us these days it is not yet necessary to have the bad ones that are being written sung by a wretchedly inadequate cast.

HARRIS. "THE DANCER." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced Oct. 1, with this cast:

Paul Kerinski	Effingham Pinto
Olga, a maid	Mary Mitman
Mrs. Penfield-Clarke	Eva Lang
Elvira Jargo	Miriam Elliott
Bojdan Borivenko	Jose Ruben
Nina Kosoloff	Renee Adoree
Eoy Lingart	R. George Burnett
Mascha Kosoloff	Helen Salinger
Lola Kerenski	Isabelle Lowe
Peter Quincy Hale	John Halliday
Richard Penfield-Clarke	Wm. Morris
Stetson, a butler	Philip Dunning
Higgins, a constable	Richard Freeman

THE programme at the Harris said: "The Dancer," by Edward Locke. Something tells me—I may do him a great wrong—that there was foreign inspiration and that in endeavoring to transplant its foreign theme he met the inevitable—that

fearful difficulty of trying to reconcile the spirit of the continent with the fixed prejudices and accepted conventions of the American stage.

Bojdan Borivenko has spent twelve years in the development of Lola Kerinski as a star danseuse. A prim, staid New Englander, Peter Quincy Hale sees her, falls in love and marries her. Then the trouble begins. His relations are as narrow as he and when Lola's Bohemian associates bob up and her hectically pure life is laid bare, they separate only to be brought together after the attempt of designing relatives to have them divorced has failed. How two such diametrically opposite temperaments are ever to be reconciled is a problem apparently as insoluble at the close of the play as it was at the beginning.

There is in the piece a strong dramatic idea and certain of its scenes are not without interest and dramatic significance, but it is wanting in balance, tact, taste, and a real capacity to handle the motif and its conulative complications. Some of the dialogue is apt and some is banal to a degree.

Isabelle Lowe is unhappily cast. She suggests an amiable, pretty chorus girl, not the temperamental dancer that the theme calls for. That she fails to supremely convince is not her fault. In the part she does some exceedingly promising work. The husband, Peter, is too unsophisticated to be human, but he is acted with fine nervous intensity by John Halliday. The dancer's blind brother is deftly portrayed by Effingham Pinto. As the professional director, Jose Ruben gives a sketch of character, illuminated by fine observant touches. William Morris as Peter's officious brother-in-law plays with admirable authority.

JEWISH ART THEATRE. EAST-WEST PLAYERS. Four one-act plays produced on November 25 with the following players:

Etta Luria	Archie Giden
Max Lieberman	Rose Nibur
S. Robert Wyckoff	Jane Bur
Irving Zechhoff	Ivy Sherman
Jane Manners	Allen Nagle
Gustav Blum	Ralph Cahn
Edward Steinmetz	Alice Kiesler
Madeleine Davidson	Helen Swenson

IN "The Little Stone House," the East-West Players have selected a Russian gem, which, though written by an Englishman, George Calderon, deals entirely with Russian life. It was one of four one-act plays presented by this group of players, whose intention was, origin-

ally, to bring to English speaking people, one-act plays from the Yiddish. As they virtually exhausted this limited field, from the standpoint of universal appeal, they were forced to draw on other sources, and, in addition to "The Little Stone House," which was by far the best of the four short plays, included in the series, "The Magnanimous Lover," a drama by St. John Ervine, author of "John Ferguson;" "The Love Lotion," a fantasy by J. Harry Irvine, and "Ruby Red," an Oriental satire by Clarence Stratton.

The theme of "The Little Stone House" is the victory of idealism over realism, and shows how a poor peasant woman, deeply religious, and cherishing an ideal of her son, whom she believes dead, honors and reveres his memory through a long period of years. She deprives herself of life's necessities in order to save enough money to build a stone tomb-house over his grave, but, when he returns in the flesh, an escaped convict from Siberia—self-confessed murderer, uncouth, unkempt, avaricious, in no way resembling her idealistic conception of him—she repudiates him, and hands him over to the military authorities, for return to Siberia.

This artistic creation, which reminds one of Russian life as painted by such Russian word artists as Turgenev, and Gorky, is redolent with the melancholia, brooding and introspection so characteristic of the Russian temperament, but for this reason, no less entertaining. To Jane Manners, as the inconsistent lodging-housekeeper, and Gustave Blum, the unwelcome son, fall the major share of the emotional work, and the largest share of credit must go to them for the success of the presentation.

"The Magnanimous Lover" proved the most popular of the four plays with the audience, which came near actually hissing Allen Nagle, the sanctimonious, canting sinner, who, fearing the wrath of the Almighty One, attempts in hypocritical fashion, to right a wrong he committed against a woman many years back. The East-West Players themselves, put their best efforts into this short drama, which has its setting in Donagreagh, North Ireland. S. Robert Wyckoff's character-bit as the irate grocer enraged because his son, on whom he dotes, is rejected by the girl he seduced, was admirable.

Gustave Blum's short, stocky, muscular figure does not permit of much nude display, and so, when he appeared in "Ruby Red," clad, or

rather, unclad as an Oriental ring merchant, the audience's sense of humor got the better of it, and snickers circulated through the house during the entire act.

Both "The Love Lotion" and "Ruby Red" were notable for little else than their attractive costuming, and the stage setting of the latter.

CRITERION. "ONE NIGHT IN ROME." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced Dec. 2, with this cast:

Richard Oak	Mr. Philip Merivale
Mr. Justice Milburne	
Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe	
Signor Diranda	Mr. George Majeroni
Denby Wragge	Mr. Barry Baxter
Gresham	Mr. Thomas Coffin Cooke
Bikra	Mr. John Davenport Seymour
Mrs. Oak	Mrs. Felix Morris
Mrs. Redlynch	Miss Louise Beaudet
Zephyr	Miss Helen Blair
Kiara	Miss Olin Field
Iola	Miss Greta Kemble Cooper
Aenea	Miss Valentine Clemow
La Bambina	Miss Marie Bianchi
"L'Enigme"	Laurette Taylor

THIS play of Hartley Manners is of little importance by itself, being for the most part a mere he-hash of well worn stage devices, but as a vehicle in which to display the virtuosity of the dramatist's versatile and charming actress-wife it serves its purpose.

Theatre-goers have long recognized Laurette Taylor as being far above the average in acting ability. We saw that when she gave us "Peg o' My Heart" and again in "Out There." But it seems to me that in her latest character—that of the Italian clairvoyant in "One Night in Rome"—she gives a fuller measure of her powers or rather she succeeds in stimulating our imagination enough to see in her an actress superior to the trivial, inconsequential pieces with which she has heretofore been identified, and one who has not yet found her real opportunity.

As Madame L'Enigme the fortune teller, Miss Taylor, quite a changed personality in her effective black wig, gives a consistent, forceful characterization of a young wife driven by baseless slander to making a disreputable living. How she snubs those who come to consult her, angers others by her frankness and wins everyone's respect, is accused of theft but finally clears her character and wins the man she loves—all this is the grist of the play. Speaking her lines with a charming Italian accent, Miss Taylor played the comedy scenes with a light sure touch and in the more serious situations there were moments when she struck the genuine tragic note.

Louise Beaudet, as a fussy society

dame, deserves mention for a clever comedy bit, and Philip Merivale did well in the rather difficult part of the lover.

LIBERTY. "CAESAR'S WIFE." Play in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on Nov. 24, with this cast:

Sir Arthur Little, K.C.B., C.C.M.G.,	Norman Trevor
Roland Parry	Ernest Glendenning
Henry Pritchard	Harry Green
Richard Appleby, M.P.	
Osman Pasha	T. Wigney Percyval
Mrs. Etheridge	Frederic DeBelleville
Mrs. Pritchard	Margaret Dale
Mrs. Appleby	Hilda Spong
Violet	Mrs. Tom A. Wise
	Billie Burke

IN the vernacular, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has no kick coming to him. His novel, "The Moon and Sixpence" is one of the best sellers of the season; his comedy, "Too Many Husbands" is a popular and artistic hit at the Booth and now his latest new play "Caesar's Wife," is doing more than nicely at the Liberty with Billie Burke as the metaphorical consort of the illustrious Roman Emperor.

If "Caesar's Wife" were not acted with such really splendid skill by a cast selected with unusual discretion, I don't think it would go very far; but the force and artistry of the professionals engaged tide over many and many an arid waste of inconsequential words. Miss Burke is Violet, the very youthful wife of the middle-aged Sir Arthur Little, K.C.B., C.C.M.G., who holds a high diplomatic rank at Cairo. His secretary is of an age with Violet. The inevitable results, they fall in love with each other.

But nothing approaching scandal occurs because tact, masculine inconstancy and common sense intervene, and without "suspicion" Violet emerges from her embarrassing situation. Such a triangular status makes for a few scenes which, if by no means novel, are handled with that delicacy and amiability of expression that Mr. Maugham is a master of.

Miss Burke is an admirable comedienne. She suggests the perfect naiveté of adolescence in the rôle of Violet, acts with splendid sincerity and simplicity and realizes with touching emphasis the really forlorn situation in which she is placed. Her husband as played by Norman Trevor has poise, dignity and the cold reserve which years and circumstances had stamped upon him.

His dominating sister is brilliantly personated by Hilda Spong—a capital combination of humor and

(Continued on Page 61)

IN REAL BOHEMIA

Queer types — vamps, poets, apaches, vegetarians, all enjoy life in the hectic environment of Montmartre's Café de Clou

By HOWARD GREER

WHILE that vague and rather antiquated section of lower Manhattan—dubbed Greenwich Village—is hurling its combined forces of bobbed hair, horn-rimmed spectacles and cigar box ukeleles into one last drive for the victory of recognition, the historic Bohemian quarters of Paris are slowly recovering from the losses they suffered during the war. They have whole-heartedly set to work to re-establish the elements of gaiety and irresponsibility which long ago characterized this French capital as the most perfect abode, *sans souci*, in the world.

I do not know what I expected to find in Montmartre. The ideas I had formulated through perusing so-called Bohemian journals which sow the seed of discontent in the provincial breast, became as so many fairy fancies after I found myself rather rudely deposited amidst the long-haired men and short-haired women who dwell upon the hill of Montmartre. The surroundings that I had conceived were decidedly delightful. I had imagined that the neighborhood would be at once discernable by a public square, where an impressionistic fountain sent jets of perfumed water through the tri-cornered mouths of unconventional sea-creatures. I had pictured an odd *mélange* of book-stores and tea shops, topped invariably with the glass fronts of attic studios. I had supposed that the square would be constantly thronged

with a noisy mob of the villagers themselves—sex a bit indistinguishable through the reckless application of togas, sandals and weird coiffures,—all romping madly over the cubistic cobblestones, jostling one another with half-finished canvasses and dog-eared 'scripts, or dashing their palms against their foreheads by way of interpreting the latest terpsichorean fad.

But I was all wrong! From outside appearances Montmartre is as tranquil and dignified as the public square in Oshkosh, Michigan. The only difference is that Oshkosh is sometimes naughty without knowing it, while Montmartre is naughty most of the time without giving a whoop. In the latter, the big idea seems to be that a life misspent is better than a life never spent at all. Of course, a Bohemian in Oshkosh wouldn't be a Bohemian at all; he would be the mistrusted advocate of a new religion or an inmate of the Oshkosh County Home for the Mentally Deficient—so there you are. . . .

Finding the real Montmartre is not as simple as it might seem. Montmartre-ites, as a clan, are cold and exclusive. It isn't essential that one be socially introduced into their intimate circles, but it is quite essential to carry along something that is plainly in common with the lot. A tormented soul, or an unappreciated genius is enough. Playing with these *spirituelle* people is like playing with fire. Or, better still, it is like taking a mad plunge into the ocean's



Madame "la patronne"

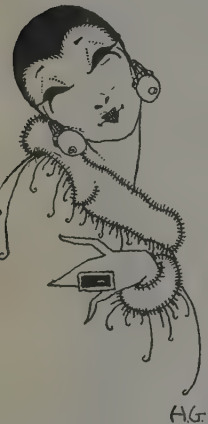
depths. Unless you are a mighty good swimmer, the waves of superficiality will soon wash over your head, and *terra firma* will be lost from sight. In other words, you will lose your perspective on this painfully short existence as it should be lived. An occasional plunge into such froth may not harm one, but there are a lot of precautions to be taken, in the way of warding off spiritual neuralgia and cramps.

The "villagers" are temperamental to the 'nth degree, but more or less dependable with their insincerity. They are decidedly old-fashioned and narrow-minded in their new ideas. They haunt the same spots and say the same things to the same people and pay the same prices for the same food day after day. The only things that change perceptibly in their lifetime are the weather and their epidermis. Most of the deluded disciples fancy that they have been born before their time, and that the world is unprepared for such startling genius, but I rather think that the world has shot ahead and left them behind. They are a reversion to a type of so long ago, that they cannot account for the intervening centuries. If they lived in the period of mere yesterday it wouldn't be so

deplorable, but their primitive instincts are of an age so far removed from the present that their very souls are encased in the webs of time. Most of them have been reincarnated so many times, and know so well what each preceding life amounted to, that they are now but wearisome spirits being trundled about in tired flesh.

However, upon the surface, they are all that is gay and care-free and volatile. They putter about attic studios from noon 'til dusk, do a spheric study in purples and greens of the cat in the cracker dish, hold occult conferences over a strong Russian brew served in bright yellow cups, and dress for the physical recreation of the day along about sundown, when the first street lamps begin to gleam in the hazy thoroughfares. The surrounding section itself sticks to much the same routine. At eleven o'clock in the morning the Place Pigalle is as uninteresting as Piccadilly Circus in a Sunday morning blizzard. But at sundown the restaurant fronts begin to glimmer like so many fireflies. The sidewalk *cafés* hum with conversation and the merry tinkling of ice in *apéritif* glasses. An occasional jazz orchestra, blating worn-out American tunes, pours its lilting melodies through the latticed windows of various dancing places. The rickety taxis bounce about, grazing each other's fenders but never seeming to collide, rush frantically in all directions at the same time and rear up on their haunches while the breathless charges cling to the seats, apparently intoxicated by the Bacchanalean delights in store. The gaiety of this quaint section opens like the budding of a flower. By midnight the blossom has given profusely of its perfume and color and begins to wilt with weariness. Too many painted lips have left their impress upon its fragile petals and, at the very height of the revelry, it droops upon its stem and waits for the recuperative stimulant of another day's repose.

To watch this ephemeral part of Paris at play, you must cover the raiment of sightseer with the cloak of mimic. For you are in Bohemia and you must do as the Bohemians do, otherwise you might succumb with *ennui*. It is necessary to visit the same haunts time and again; to become known as one of the *habitués*; to be greeted as one of the family before you can expect to understand or be confided in. It isn't like going to the play. There are no curtain calls, no occasions for spectatorial applause, no chance to sit unobtrusively in your own dark stall and watch the comedy behind the footlights. You are one of the actors, and your own efforts lend to the coherency and enjoyment of the piece.



The Apache lady of the ophidian orbs



The baby vampire



Ninette, the soulful vegetarian



Photos White



Frank Conroy as Charles Stuart Parnell

"THE LOST LEADER," A PLAY OF IRISH LIFE, RECENTLY AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

IN GREENWICH VILLAGE AND ON BROADWAY—TWO PLAYS

There is typical little Bohemian restaurant up in Montmartre that has become one of my favorite retreats. To get into the spirit of the evening—for Bohemian evenings are economical if anything!—I always board the subway and descend at the Place Pigalle. Down the Boulevard de Clichy a few paces, past the worldlier structures of the Dead Rat, and the charred remains of the Moulin Rouge, through a dark, foreboding *impasse* until a creaky sign appears, with its swinging lantern throwing a slit of light over the words "Taverne du Clou." A narrow flight of steps leads down to the tavern. It is a big, smoke-filled room, buzzing with conversation, heavy with the savoury odor of well-cooked food, crowded with little marble-topped tables upon which are spread red-and-white checkered cotton clothes.

"*Madame la Patronne*," a corpulent, scowling female bulwarked behind her cashier desk, like a sentinel in his box, casts a suspicious eye over the *clientèle* and greets each newcomer with a snub or a smile, as she sees fit. To receive her smile of recognition is to be envied by the daily recipient of a quart of pearls from the king of Montenegro. And if you are well enough known and trusted you are not only honored with a "*bon soir*," but an inquiry after your health and private affairs with an unselfish and detailed account of her own in return.



THE people gathered there are of all types and nationalities. But most of them speak in French, for, the soft *nuances* of this Latin tongue permit of greater freedom of expression. The waiters are all amusing, rotund chaps, as stout and merry as though they might have spent their lifetime in the larder of the *cuisine* for which they toil. They always take their time, but no one is ever in a hurry, and there is always a renewed appetite for the course to follow.

There are perhaps a dozen faces that are never absent from this evening repast. Some of them have more brains than you might accord them with at first glance, while others could never live up to their *camouflage*. There are three little vampires that have interested me tremendously. One of them is truly Apache, in the flash of her eyes and the fulness of her scarlet lips. I fancy it would be but child's play for her to ease a gleaming dagger into your vertebrae. She is tall, and slender as a reed. Her face is long and transparently white. Her ophidian eyes rove ceaselessly from under greenish-purple shadows. Her hair is oily black and drawn back tightly from her forehead. She is a *mannequin* for *tailleurs*, and I can picture her as being *chic* in every sense of the word garbed in blue serge of severe cut, a starched waistcoat gleaming through the lapels, a small impertinent toque pulled over one eye, and a stubby parasol clasped over one swaying hip.

The other two vampires are of the "baby" species. The great distinction seems to be in

their *coiffure*. Their locks are fluffy and bobbed, standing out like down upon a wind-driven thistle. Their lips are quite as scarlet, their eyes quite as dangerous, but the former are more playful in their smiles and the latter more coquettish in their glances. One of them is an "*artiste*" at the Folies Bergère, while the other is just a little *demi-mondaine*. Perhaps I should have said that she was "typically French," for there are thousands more like her upon the boulevards, but I doubt if they are all so clever and fascinating.



THERE is an aged piano and a foggy violin that strike up defunct American airs at irregular intervals, when everyone leaves his *hors d'oeuvre* or *entrée* go a whirl about the room, threading through the tables and often dashing a soup plate or a wine glass to the floor. Ah, then it is that the winsome vampire from the Folies comes into her own! She is an extraordinary dancer; her shoulders undulate; her hair drifts about her face like an enormous puffball; her long slanting eyes are closed and I imagine that she dreams of a former life—a life that might have been spent in Persia, upon a bed of brilliant cushions in the shade of silken tents, where anointed slaves writhed in and out the thin, curling smoke of incense burners, with golden platters of fruit and sweetmeats upon their gleaming shoulders.

Always in a far corner, seldom with companions at her side, sits a thin cadaverous creature who never dances nor deigns to, speak until another draws her into conversation. She eats but little and chooses that with care. Her passion seems to be for lettuce leaves, and nuts and vegetables. Not that she has indigestion or dislikes the sensation of more wholesome foods, but she was born with a soul of milk and water. Tears fill her eyes when the flesh of fish or fowl is placed before the people who sit about her. To eat that which lived—it is too disheartening! For everything that lives has a soul, and to kill it is to drive the soul from its only seat of comfort. When the soul is forced to abandon the flesh, it floats about in tearful misery until it finds another lodging, and it is this that hurts the conscience of this timid, ascetic person. She has suffered and she knows, for once, long, long ago, she was an oriental princess. In a rage of jealousy she drove the soul of her lover from its human couch, at the point of a knife, and, as punishment, her own spirit was suffered to be silent and unloved in the life that followed, for she was then one of the sacred cows of India.

There are perhaps a half-dozen embryo geniuses who frequent this place, and their main charm lies in silly vanities. Vanities they must be—I can't for the life of me, imagine any sane person being sincere in such conceits. There is Pierre, who actually and not frequently hears the whisper of the Muse of Poetry, sometimes right in the middle of the salad, and,

wild-eyed and with disheveled hair hanging over his soiled collar he jerks up his coat-sleeve, pulls a pencil from his pocket and dashes the inspiration across his cuff. These spasms are respected and expected by his compatriots. On such emotional occasions everyone sits tight, even Madame at her *caisse* lifts a finger to the rotund waiters, warning them thus to step lightly and not break the spell. What a thrilling moment it is! It's so like a story-book that one fears to turn the page and find the end of the chapter, or a series of stars, indicating that maddening lapse of time.

There is one sweet little girl, who seems sadly out of place in this hectic environment. She is the daughter of the Norwegian "*attaché d'affaires*," and it is whispered that she has been presented at her country's court. She speaks seven languages that I know of, and dances like one of the Isadorables. Ordinarily, she is accompanied by a pale, dreamy-eyed lad who does rather decent sketching—in a futuristic sort of way—and who keeps a heap of sketches piled like so many old menus, beside his plate. One never knows what his subject or idea has been until he explains, and then it all becomes so interesting that it's almost enervating.



THERE are two or three soldiers always there, but the horizon-blue of their uniforms is a weak conviction of martial atmosphere. It is more symbolic of the ethereal atmosphere in which their temperaments float. One of them sculpts—once he brought a queer egg-shaped piece of wood to the little restaurant, and quite shamelessly asked if we couldn't find in it a strong impressionistic resemblance to his comrade, the drapery dyer! He is always chanting of his "inspirations." Ah, what a grand word that is! What a multitude of crimes it covers!

There are many more of these inspirationally-cursed beings, some of them artists of the brush, others of the stage, but most of them are just lost in the haze—in love with love, or mad pretenders to the throne of reality. They offer an unlimited encouragement to the "uninspired" for their agonizing lack of progress. Ten years from now they will all be in their accustomed places—or others just like them will have filled the seats—I rather imagine that they were all there ten years ago, saying the same things in the same old way. And ten years from now I haven't a doubt but that Pierre will be dashing off the same verses on the very same cuff; that the little vampire will be shouldering the same spear at the Folies Bergère; that Ninette will be eating the same lettuce leaves and feeling just as despondent over the cannibalistic traits of her companions; that Jacques will be hewing the same egg-shape in wood, and calling it an impressionistic portrait; and that "*Madame la patronne*" will be dividing the same skeptical concern among them.

God bless 'em! Hands across the sea to the sister-sufferers in Washington Square.

MORE SUITABLE TITLES

ETHEL BARRYMORE in "Delicatessen."
Lenore Ulric in "The Belasco-Daughter."
Ina Claire in "The Gold-Wiggers."
Charlotte Greenwood in "Lingerie Longer Letty."
Ruth Chatterton in "Moonblight and Honey-chuckle."
Wilton Lackaye in "Charmy Days."

Fay Bainter in "East is West and North and South."
Charles Dillingham presents "Broken Apple-Blossoms."
John Cort presents "Jest a Minute."
At the Winter Garden: "The Surpassing Show."
George Broadhurst presents "The Crimson Lullaby."

Oliver Morosco presents "Civilian Clothes-pegs."
At the Comedy: "Nifty Nifty."
At the Liberty: "Florenz Ziegfeld's Wife."
At the Republic: "A Choice in the Dark."
At the Knickerbocker: "Leonard Roly and May Boley Eyes."
Adolph Klauber presents "Flighty-Flight."

**JULIA MARLOWE, SO LONG OUR
FAVORITE SHAKESPEARIAN
HEROINE, RETURNS TRIUMPH-
ANTLY TO THE STAGE**



Sothorn and Marlowe are duplicating their New York success on tour in Shakespearian repertoire, crowded houses greeting them everywhere, thus completely refuting the old dictum that Shakespeare spells ruin. Miss Marlowe is seen here as Ophelia

From a photograph by White

BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS
ON BROADWAY



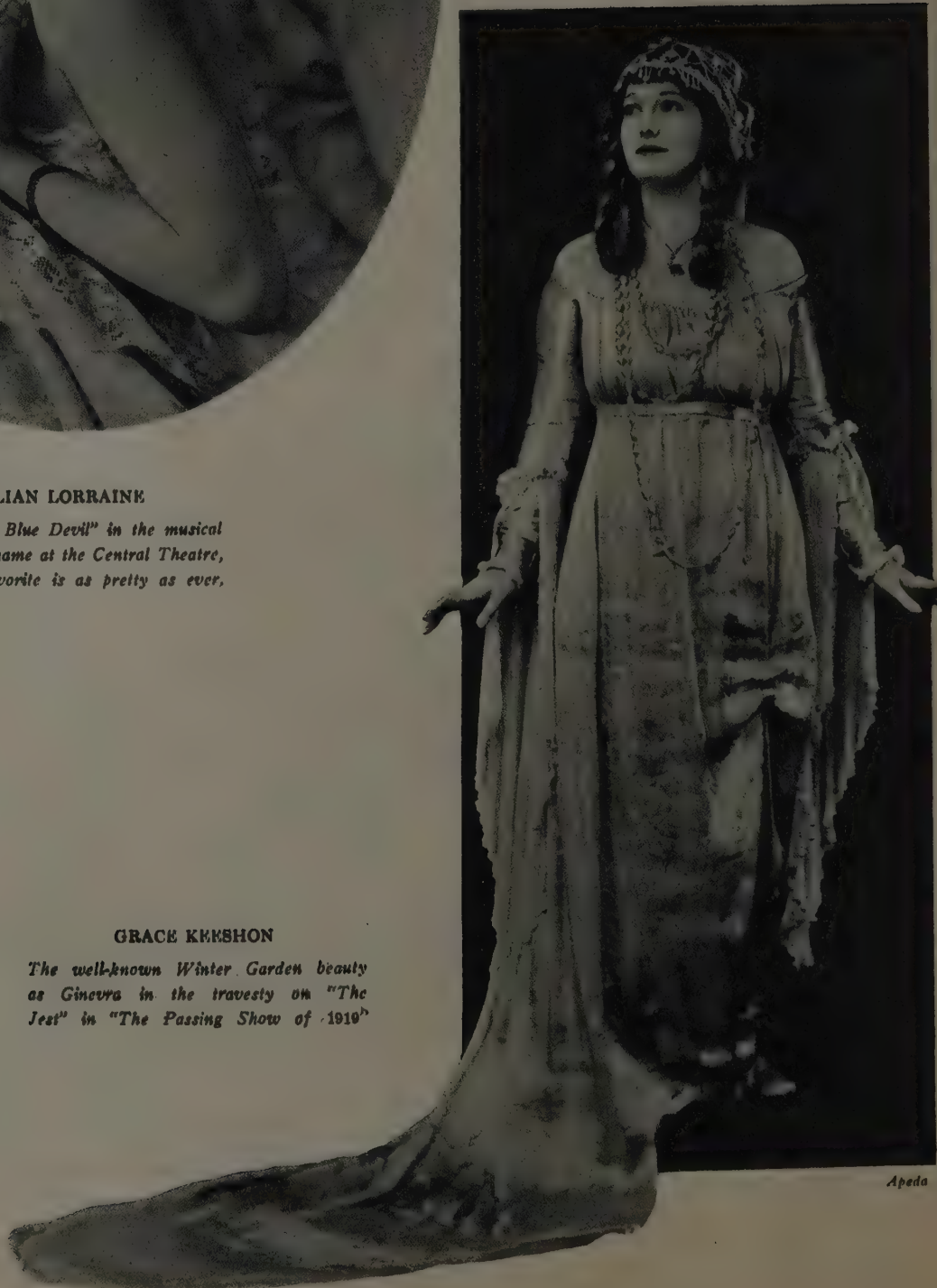
White

LILLIAN LORRAINE

As the "Little Blue Devil" in the musical farce of that name at the Central Theatre, this young favorite is as pretty as ever.

GRACE KERSHON

The well-known Winter Garden beauty as Ginevra in the travesty on "The Jest" in "The Passing Show of 1910"



Apeda



From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

RUTH SHEPLEY

As delightful as the play itself is the acting of this young comedienne in "Adam and Eva" at the Longacre Theatre. A vivacious and charming Eva, needless to say, she wins Adam in the end

THE OLD COMEDIES

*Coming of the intimate modern theatre
caused the banishment of old masterpieces*

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

Part II.

A LOVER of the theatre whose playgoing has been done in the past score of years may be moved to ask why it is that the highly respectable old comedies, which evoked the loyal laughter of his father and his grandfather, have been utterly banished from the twentieth century stage, and why to-day they are as unknown in the playhouses of London as they are in those of New York and of Boston. To this question it is possible to give three answers. That is to say, three different explanations may be suggested for the fact that the "old comedies" have fallen upon evil days and have been retired into innocuous desuetude.

In the first place these "old comedies" show the signs of age, even when we read them. They seem to most moderns more or less arbitrary in plot, more or less artificial in dialogue, and more or less archaic in method. To assert this is to admit that they are hopelessly out of date both in their content and in their form. They abound, for example, in asides and in soliloquies, addressed directly to the audience; and they are decorated with frequent *bravura* passages, devised to exhibit the virtuosity of the performer—just as the solos of the earlier Italian operas were introduced merely to allow the soprano to execute her variations or the tenor to attain his high C. The tone of these humorous plays is too highly colored for our subdued taste; and many of their characters strike us as caricatures of humanity, almost fantastic in their wilful eccentricity. In short, these pieces belong to a type of drama now hopelessly out of fashion, unfamiliar in many of its aspects.



IN the theatre what is unfamiliar is frequently ludicrous, merely because of its unfamiliarity; and we are inclined to laugh at it, as we do at the wearing apparel of a decade ago. In play-making, as in dressmaking, styles change with disconcerting swiftness.

This brings us to the second reason for the disappearance of these "old comedies" from the twentieth century theatre. Their departure was coincident with the breaking up of the stock-company, kept together year after year with only occasional changes in its membership. Forty years ago the company at Wallack's, like that at the Boston Museum, was a homogeneous body, with customs of its own, imparted to the newcomers it enrolled and accepted reverently by these recruits. It was in the habit of appearing in one or more of the "old comedies" every winter; its elder members knew the traditional business and the traditional effects in each of these comic dramas; and they were glad to pass on this knowledge to the younger members. As a result an "old comedy" could always be used as a stop-gap, when a new play had failed to please the public; and it could be brought out at a week's notice. In other words, the stock-company was a repertory company, ready to revive on demand any one of a dozen or more "old comedies" and assured in advance that this revival would be welcome to a majority of the playgoers, many of whom would be glad of the chance to compare it with the performances of two or three seasons before.

Although these companies at Wallack's, in New York, and later at Daly's also, as well as at the Museum in Boston, utilized the "old comedies" mainly as life-preservers, to be put on whenever new plays sank under them, they relied upon these new plays for the major part of their seasons, reserving their revivals for sudden contingencies. But these new plays of half-a-century ago were not widely unlike the "old comedies" in their external characteristics; they also had their soliloquies, their asides, and their *bravura* passages; they were also more or less arbitrary in plot, more or less artificial in dialogue and more or less archaic in method—or, at least, they would so appear to us of the twentieth century if they could be galvanized into life again for our inspection.



THE pleasant comedies of T. W. Robertson, "Caste," for one, and "Ours" for another, which were hailed on their first appearance as "natural" and even as "realistic," have revealed themselves at their most recent resuscitations, to be almost as mannered and as mechanical as were the "old comedies." In fact, the more closely we study the English drama between 1860 and 1870 the more clearly we perceive the influence of the English drama between 1770 and 1780. In the century which stretches from 1770 to 1870 we can observe no violent break in the continuity of the development of the drama.

But between 1870 and 1920 there was a startling change; the drama made a new departure; and this is the third reason why the "old comedies" have been cast out of our twentieth century theatres. The new departure was the result of two influences, working simultaneously.

One of these influences was internal; it was the rapid advance of the so-called realistic movement, of which Balzac was the pioneer in the novel and of which the younger Dumas was the pioneer in the play. It is easy for us to see now that Balzac and Dumas were both of them on occasion ultra-romanticist; but none the less were they more rigorously realistic than their immediate predecessors had been. At least, they tried hard to present life as they saw it with their own eyes, animated by an unquenchable desire to deal with it frankly and honestly. Balzac spent himself in the effort to be exact and to relate all his myriad characters to the background before which each of them had posed for him; and Dumas was almost as strenuous in his demand for veracity in his inquest on human nature.



THE other influence was external; it was the gradual modification of the ground-plan of the playhouse—a modification which resulted at last in the picture-frame stage to which we are now accustomed and to which all the plays of this century are necessarily adjusted. In size and in shape the theatre for which Reade and Taylor composed "Masks and Faces" was very like the theatre for which Sheridan had composed the "School for Scandal," three-quarters of a century earlier; and it was very unlike the theatre for which Sir Arthur Pinero composed

"Mid-Channel," nearly three-quarters of a century after.

The theatre of Reade and Taylor, and of Sheridan also, was a large building with a stage which projected in a curve into the auditorium, so that the proscenium boxes were in the rear of the footlights. This stage was only dimly lighted—in Sheridan's time with oil-lamps and in Reade and Taylor's with gas-jets. The curve into the orchestra, far beyond the curtain, was known as the "apron"; and the most significant episodes of the play had to be acted out on this apron remote from the scenery, because it was only when he was close to the footlights that the changing expression on the performer's face could be seen by the spectators. As the actor on the stage was in intimate association with the audience, the playwrights did not hesitate to give him confidential asides and explanatory soliloquies to be delivered directly at the neighborly spectators; and they also provided him with the lofty rhetoric and the artfully articulated set speeches not inappropriate to a platform orator.

But in the course of the past half-century the scenic investiture of a play has become more elaborate, more precise, more characteristic and more realistic. The electric light has come to illuminate all parts of the scene with equal brilliancy, so that it is no longer necessary for the performer to advance to the front of the apron in order that his expression may be seen; and therefore the apron, being useless, was abolished. The curtain now rises only a foot or two behind the footlights; and the proscenium-arch is now made to serve as a picture-frame, through which the spectator gazes at the performers, who are carefully trained to "keep in the picture."



THE playwrights, no less than the players, were compelled to modify their methods and they soon discover that soliloquies and *bravura* passages were incongruous with the characteristic and realistic set and with acting carefully restrained until it was afraid to get "outside the picture."

This change in the conditions of performance was brought about gradually, unintentionally and by the logic of events. None the less, is it one of the most momentous in all the long history of the drama; and we may doubt whether its remoter results have even yet made themselves manifest. It is perhaps the chief cause why the "old comedies" have gone out of favor. They were composed for a very different theatre, to be performed by actors with a very different training, before audiences with very different expectations. The companies who were accustomed to act old comedy and who were conversant with its traditions have been dispersed; and the actors of to-day would be ill at ease in these robust and florid comic dramas—but perhaps not more ill at ease than would be the spectators of to-day.

It is not that our actors are individually any less gifted than their predecessors of half-a-century ago, or that the art of acting has declined in the past fifty years; and we may venture the assertion that the old-time performers would be as awkward and (Continued on page 63)



Photos White



1. Dr. Dong Tong (*Thomas Findlay*) and Lien Wha (*Lenore Ulric*). Lien Wha gives up her dream of happiness to save her beloved China. 2. Thomas Findlay, Lenore Ulric and Edmond Lowe. Lien Wha's father interrupts a delightful tête-a-tête. 3. The wedding of Lien Wha. Fen Sha, the gambler (*Harry Mestayer*) greets his young bride.

A STIRRING TRAGI-SPECTACLE OF CHINESE LIFE



From a photograph by Frans van Riel

This well-known and favorite dancer has been appearing for some time in South America. She recently met with tremendous success in Buenos Aires in a new dance entitled "La Peri" with her American dancing partner, Hubert Stowitts

ANNA PAVLOWA IN A NEW DANCE



From a portrait by Bloom

GENEVIEVE HAMPER AS JULIET

Robert B. Mantell is still bearing the Shakespearian banner aloft, ably assisted by his charming and talented wife



Photos Campbell

(Left)

OLIVE TELL

As the heroine of "Civilian Clothes," the amusing comedy of the returned soldier, Miss Tell is pretty to look upon and acts with skill



ISABELLE LOWE

Playing the rôle of the dancer who neglects her art to marry a strait-laced American, in Edward Locke's comedy "The Dancer"



(Left)

VIVIENNE SEGAL

Who proved in "The Little Whopper" at the Casino, that she can dance, sing and act, and consequently has been raised to the stellar ranks

BRILLIANT MUSIC SEASON OPENS

Caruso surpasses himself at the Metropolitan. New vocal and instrumental artists win applause in opera and recital

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON



IN the thirty days of which I am now to write, New York City alone was the scene of over two hundred and forty musical events. The star of the Star Opera Company having set on the prospects of opera in German, in that point at least the opera situation remains the same as it has been during the War. But a different atmosphere pervaded the staid old Metropolitan at its opening. Gay costumes adorned the audience. The whispering stillness of the war days had disappeared and a frivolity was in the atmosphere—as much of a frivolity as one could expect in that institution. The early period marked the opening of the house, the reappearance of the old favorites and the new, and the debut of several much-discussed stars; a crown prince, and a revival, a new conductor and a conductor who has grown considerably.

They chose "Tosca" to lift the curtain on a season that promises to be the most brilliant in history. This gave the stage to the immortal Mr. Caruso, Mrs. Farrar, and Mr. Scotti. Of course, words fail. Married life agrees with the tenor. He is the same Caruso with something more. In "La Juive" he became a tragic actor of the first rank. But of Halévy's masterpiece presently. In "Tosca" he was never less than Caruso. Farrar keeps up perennially in spite of fierce motion picture activities, long concert tours. Matrimony has helped her, too. She looks more beautiful than ever, and seems to be singing with a fresher quality. The celestial "Aida" returned in an especially motion pictureish Claudia Muzio who has learned the art of making herself so almighty a voice from the temple. Marie Tiffany made one wish for more. With this opera a new contralto made her bow. Gabrielle Bezanconi, of Rome, gave an admirable performance of Amneris. She was a regal queen and bore herself with distinction and according to the best traditions of the stage.



OTHERS to make their initial bow in "Aida" were Renato Zanelli, a young tenor of fiery voice, Giovanni Martino, who is the newest acquisition to the Spanish wing of the House, deserves to have been chosen by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. This is the day of débutantes. In the Russian score of Boris Godunoff, another contralto, Louise Berat and Octave Dua were transferred from the Campanini Chicago forces to New York and a young American lass, Adeline Vosari, sang the difficult rôle of Xenia. She is young, this Miss Vosari, and if she gets some more chances the full beauty of a good soprano voice will be realized. But this time it wasn't—just you try to face the ordeal of a Metropolitan Opera début. But there was Jeanne Gordon—there is an artist, a contralto of wonderful beauty. Orville Harrold is back in opera. There are so many who remember him in the palmy Hammerstein days. Harrold was young, temperamental, impetuous. He flamed away and was prodigal of his golden voice. Then one day he found his voice torn in ribbons. But youth turned impetuosity into energy and from that time forth, the fellow toiled and today he is

every bit as good as he was. That is his voice—but he has matured spiritually and mentally.

Musically, the début of most import was the appearance of Albert Wolff. His opera, "The Blue Bird," after Maeterlinck's text, will have been heard by the time these lines appear in print. He gave the first glimpse of his person and musicianship in a marvelous performance of "Faust" in which the sensuous score had a magnificent reading by Farrar, Martinelli, Rothier, Couzinou, Delaunois, and Kathleen Howard. This Wolff is a Frenchman who earned his medals in the war. He looks more like a general than a musician. Someone remarked his resemblance to Grant. He is quiet and undemonstrative and wins enthusiasm by subtler something than wildish gestures.



I HAD hoped to tell of the opening performance of the "Barber of Seville," in which Mabel Garrison was to sing—she is getting her opportunities now—but she was ill and "La Bohème" was substituted at the last minute. Oh, Madame Alda, how gloriously you have felt your rôle, how marvellously you sang it! And what a Rodolfo was Hackett! Finest gentleman in the musical world, Pasquale Amato, is back and well, thank God!

There was Halévy's night. Halévy's "La Juive" was revived. In the days of its first performances in Paris, they told of the sumptuous manner in which it was staged. But Mr. Gatti outdid tradition in all respects. The settings were thrilling. The dramatic score was sung by Caruso—supreme artist now, and actor of the first rank; by Ponselle, sure of herself, pouring out the richness of her voice with telling effect; Evelyn Scotney, the newcomer, a little frightened, but a fine artist. Bodansky conducted. This "La Juive" has been his property, so to speak, and old Francois Fromenthal Halévy must have hovered a happy spirit over the opera house. I could almost see him, the shaggy head bobbing about in the loose-wing collar, the forehead very high, a bushy growth of hair on the temples, and curling down the sides of his face into scraggly side whiskers, the eyebrows thick and heavy, the chin strong and heavily shaded by the bony structure of the jaw and cheeks, a horny nose of Israel on which rested a pair of old-fashioned spectacles. I seemed to see him with his hands in his trouser pockets, the tails of his coat thrust behind, the legs strained on tip toes! It was Halévy's night.



THERE was also the Prince's night at the Opera when a feast of the delicacies of many operas were dispensed for a nervous pale-face young man who appeared to be eager for the whole thing to be over. The young man was the future King of England, and he must have wished that night that he wasn't—

In Chicago, the company returned after a marvelous tour, with Raisa the idol of thousands, Emmy Destinn her old self, that great artist again. Bonci at his prime, Miura, the little

Japanese, adorable; in their home city, furors of excitement for Eddie Johnson, the new soprano, Evelyn Herbert and for Galleffi—more of them later. In Brooklyn there have been some special operatic performances, and the Society of American Singers is a veteran organization, firmly established long since. A word of "The Mikado." It was the most consummate performance of this gem we have ever seen. Excepting the male chorus, we couldn't find fault. What a Yummy-Yum-Yum is the new Sallie Keith, reputed to have been snatched from the chorus; Waterous was the proudest and funniest Pooh-Bah, and Craig Campbell was a grand opera minstrel. Beautiful Cora Tracy made herself ugly for Katisha and sang so beautifully that you almost liked the character. Our compliments to William Wade Hinshaw.

We must head the list of pianists with Mischa Levitski. This masterful lad is the king of the second generation of artists. At his instrument he is so completely the personification of the pianistic art, that it almost becomes necessary to judge other newcomers by the Levitski standards. Such sonorousness of tone, such clarity of phrasing—did some blind person attend the concert, he would have sworn it was Hofmann—but a fresher, youthful Hofmann. Hofmann himself played, the master artist of his generation. The hall was jammed to greet him, and he jammed the house full of magic harmonies. If I were asked how to improve the tastes of America, I would say, send out Josef Hofmann as missionary among the natives. He is godlike, and no other description will satisfy.

Mme. Germaine Schnitzer has returned to satisfy her admirers, who number in many thousands; she is an intellectual in addition to being the greatest interpreter of the romanticists; John Powell's recital sent him notches higher toward the top—he is now almost out of sight of most performers.



ERNEST HUTCHESON, possessed of that world-manner of playing, plays with academic perfection tempered by saintly condescension for the human emotions. That amazing young man, Beryl Rubinstein, deserves more fame than has been awarded him. Properly flashed before a curious public, he might easily flame his name into golden letters. That sensible, serious gentleman, Oliver Denton, continues to draw a serious, intelligent following who delight in his artistry and his idealistic attempts to provide no quarter to the underlying listeners.

Richard Buhlig travels onward in his ambitious cycle of seven recitals; it must have gratified the artist to have noted the little old lady in the front row who used an electric hearing device and clapped so excitedly. In his all-Beethoven program, Mr. Buhlig played studiously and intensely and with meticulous care. A crisp player, Alexander Gunn, performed deftly and at times feelingly. A happy recital was that of Carolyn Cone-Baldwin's; Louis Cornell is an intelligent interpreter; Rosa Simons deserves (Concluded on page 62)



Maurice Goldberg

*"I will be an actress
whether Broadway wills it
or no."*

Illustration: Phyllis Povah

THE DIARY OF AN INGENUE

By JOSEPH KOVEN



IT is hot. I think with horror of "going the rounds" today. But it must be done. Yesterday I did not go. I yielded to the desire to forget Broadway for at least one day, and who knows what I have missed. Perhaps yesterday of all days, I might have been cast for something. But I did not go—let there be no regrets. Today I must go. I must be down by 10 o'clock, because at that time Mr. —— "sees people," and it is said he will cast soon.

I must put on those high-heeled, narrow-tipped shoes. I must smear a little rouge on my cheeks and lips, powder, pencil my brows, and put on my only "pretty" dress. How I hate to dress up for managers!

For four months I've been walking up and down Broadway, out of Manager ——'s office into Manager ——'s office, out of one agency into another, seeking, hoping, praying, and still not a ray of promise. When I first began my wanderings on Broadway I walked out bravely in my own natural beauty—pale cheeks, rather melancholy eyes, and unembarrassed in my eagerness. I love to wear sandals and simple, comfortable clothes.

A girl once asked me, in one of the agency offices, "Do you play character parts?" I did

not know what to answer her. While I was studying acting with ——, the great master, as his scholarship pupil, I played many parts, beautiful parts: Hedvig, Annchen, Juliet,—a "born Juliet" the master called me. For over a year I studied beautiful parts, and everyone in the class was convinced that I have a great talent. I knew, too, I could act beautiful parts beautifully. "Do you play character parts?" "I don't know," I said; "I guess I could." But it soon dawned upon me why the girl had asked me the question. I was not dressed as becomes a young would-be smart actress on Broadway.

To me they all looked ugly—those young painted dolls, all rouged, powdered and penciled exactly alike, all dabbing powder puffs and licking lip-sticks almost incessantly. I watched them with a feeling of pity and scorn. I would not do that! Had not X——, the great actress, said that I had an intensely dramatic face, something akin to Duse's? But I am too young to be a "character" actress, and would-be ingenues must look the part. I must look like an ingenue,—for am I not young? I will put on the high-heeled, narrow-tipped shoes, and the pretty dress, and I will redden my pale

cheeks, and brighten my eyes. I am young, and I must go up and down Broadway.

It is a quarter to ten, and the office is already crowded with men and women, young, old, middle-aged, all waiting for Mr. ——, who, it is well known, "sees people" at ten. A sudden feeling of nausea seizes me, and I feel as if I were going to faint. Those well-dressed people, with that hungry look in their eyes, always make me feel ashamed. I know what those sham smiles mean, I know what those brave, smiling eyes would say,—and I feel ashamed, ashamed because I can do nothing.

I shyly work my way through the assembly to the office boy.

"Is Mr. —— in?" I ask.

The boy scratches his head with an air of great importance, answers "No" very curtly and continues to look condescendingly upon the others, as if it were through his kindness that they were allowed to stand there at all.

"When do you expect him in?" I venture further.

"At ten."

"Is he casting?"

"Nope."

"Then why are all these people waiting?"

"Dunno."

So I, too, wait. The assembly shifts from foot to foot. Little mirrors appear and disappear, powder puffs come to the rescue frequently, for it is hot, and all are perspiring, the men try to look unconcerned, they whistle, they swing their canes. Some get impatient and go, newcomers are added—and still I wait.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock. Mr.—— has not yet arrived, the office-boy assures us. Eleven fifteen o'clock. A buzzer on the boy's desk suddenly comes to life, the boy drops his air of importance and disappears through a door marked "PRIVATE." The assembly braces up. The boy comes out again immediately with the announcement "We ain't doin' nothin'."

"The crowd smiles bravely and begins to file out. Some ask the boy questions, to establish an intimate relationship with him, and he answers airily; others linger a while and look longingly at the magic door; some walk out quickly, importantly, as if they had just signed a five-year contract. The march up and down Broadway is resumed.

From Thirty-eighth Street to Forty-eighth, from Forty-eighth Street to Thirty-eighth Street. Up and down, down and up, into office, out of office, smiling, talking, rushing, sighing—up and down, down and up, always circulating, always moving is the stream of actors and actresses on Broadway. I walk among them, sadly, impatiently, yet hopefully, for have I not been told, over and over again, that one must be patient, that one cannot reach the "top of the ladder" at one jump? One must climb there, rung by rung, —and all this bustling, smiling, perspiring throng is "climbing the ladder." There are those who have already reached the "top," and therefore they are never seen in the restless stream on Broadway."



I HAVE been to the office of every likely manager. Most of them smile and ask me to come back in a week, in two weeks, or in a month. I am fagged out; the high heels seem to have grown into my feet, my silk dress is uncomfortable, my head aches. I begin to "cover" the agencies.

"No, dear," says Mr. Y——, who has never seen me act but who "knows" I'll be greater than Sarah herself. "Today we want a brunette, —and character actresses." They seem always to want brunettes when I am there. A brunette girl told me that she thought they seemed always to be wanting blondes.

It is four o'clock. I am longing for the quiet of my little room, but I shall stay on until five, to see Mr. Z——, who is in his office at that time. He told me about a month ago to come back in a month. There may be a chance there. I go into the large waiting room of the Hotel Knickerbocker to rest.

There sits a woman of about thirty, an actress, whom I met on one of my "rounds." I will speak to her.

"Hello," she says, putting down her *Christian Science Monitor*, "whaddaya know?"

I do not like her tone of familiarity and her slang.

"Oh, nothing," I answer. "Have you found an engagement?"

"A job you mean, my girl.—Nope. How long have you been on?"

"This is my first season."

"Oh, you've got a deal to learn."

"I suppose so," I answer. "How long have you been on?"

"Oh, about ten years."

I gasp.

"Good God!" I exclaim quite naively, "if I should see nothing better in store for me at the end of ten years than still going to those agencies, I should give up right now."

She is hurt.

"My dear girl," she says, with obvious anger, "don't fool yourself. There's many a girl walking Broadway today as talented as you are,—and they have been walking about for years. And they're glad if they can just get a job. It's bread and butter to us—nothing more. And we're glad if we can get that. I, too, once had great plans. And I've played leads on Broadway,—but the minute Charles Frohman went under I knew I was done. He would have given me the chance."



BUT I'm not concerned about the money," I answer. "I want just enough to live on, and I need very little for that. I want to act, to develop, because I know I'll be a great actress."

She laughs outright, a coarse, hard, joyless laugh.

A man, fat, well-dressed, gay, comes up and raises his hat. She gathers her belongings and gets up to go with him.

"Give up the idea, girlie. Get married and have children," she says as she walks away with the man, arm in arm.

It is five o'clock. I am fortunate. Mr. Z—— comes out of his office for a moment just as I enter.

"Hello, child!"

"How are you, Mr. Z——?"

Nothing doing, child. Come back in a month."

"You remember you told me about a month ago to come in at this time."

"Yes, yes, but there's nothing doing. Come back in a month."

And he disappears as suddenly as he had appeared.

Back to my little room! Away from the sham and the heartaches of Broadway! Tomorrow I will stay home all day and practise, my voice exercises, my Juliet, my Hedvig, my Annchen,—for I will be an actress, whether Broadway wills it or no!



MY mind goes back to that memorable afternoon in the library nearly two years ago. I was reading the life of George Sand. I had been restless for many months. I wanted to be engaged in some intense work, something into which I could put all my energy, all my heart and soul. Music? Yes, I love music, and the family has been composed almost wholly of musicians for generations back, and I practised the piano faithfully and I enjoyed it—but I knew it was *not* the thing. Chemistry? The sciences? History? I loved them all—I had an insatiable desire for knowledge,—but these did not satisfy me. I had then decided to discontinue all work and relax. Something in me was clamoring to be heard; I would let it come.

It was that afternoon in the library that I realized the meaning of "finding one's self." I know not how to describe it. From out a chaos of feverish, exotic feelings there crystallized one strong happy realization: I was to be an actress. I had never been given to hallucinations of any kind;—in fact, I had been almost stubbornly insistent on "seeing things proved." Yet here was an incident that puzzled me: Why was I so suddenly, so inexplicably, seized with a feeling of the keenest joy I had ever experienced? Whence had come, as if it were a revelation, the assur-

ance that I was to be an actress? "I shall be an actress. I shall be an actress!" sang every cell of me. Why an actress? Of all the scientific studies, of all the piano-practising, of my latest wish to be a doctor, suddenly this positive feeling that I should be an actress! "I shall be an actress!" sang myself, and I was happy. I had "found myself."

So the first thing I did was to set about finding how to act. I visited a school of acting to consult one who might know. He listened politely to my tale, searched my face as if he would find there the "divine spark," and asked me to recite something. I told him I knew nothing, that I had always disliked reciting,—and so he gave me a few extracts from plays to take home with me, and told me to come prepared with two extracts a few days later. I read the passages over and over again, and at the appointed time came back. I went through the ordeal, and felt rather shy. My critic listened carefully, remarked that I said the word "love" as I might say the word "baked beans," and told me that although he could see I had talent he failed to find the divine spark. "However," he said, "one has to study for some time before that is discovered." Ay, study, that was what I wanted; but when he told me I would have to pay him nearly a thousand dollars before he could definitely decide whether I possessed real talent or not, I began to feel that I should have to seek another discoverer.



I EXPLAINED my situation, told him how poor I was, but that I *must* be an actress and asked his advice. "Well," he said, "I don't know what to say to you. I hear, that Mr.——, the great actor, is about to open a school. He is an artist, and he may charge you less." I thanked him and went away.

But I had a clue. If only Mr.—— would decide to open a school.

One day, several weeks later, while looking through a newspaper quite casually, I saw the announcement of the opening of Mr.——'s School. I wrote for an appointment, and came to see the great master himself. My heart beat wildly. Here seemed to be my opportunity. The kind eyes of Mr.—— seemed to understand all I told him: how I was poor and had to work for a living, how I wanted to be an actress, and how—I didn't know what to do.

"Go home, my child, and write me all about it," said the great Mr.——, "and we will see what we can do."

I dashed home. "I will wash dishes, scrub floors, typewrite for you, run errands, do anything" I wrote, "if only you will teach me how to act"—and in two days I received a letter telling me to come.

And so I studied for more than a year with the great ——, serving my apprenticeship and learning "my trade." Ah, those were happy days! How good it was to hear my instructor and fellow-pupils say with conviction that I had a great talent. How good it was to be learning the thing I love. How good it was to be called a "born Juliet." How good it was to feel that some day I should make all the world feel all the joy I felt and see all the beauty I saw when I practised those beautiful parts.

Then I did not know Broadway, and even then I thought with fear of taking all this joy and beauty to the strange coldness of Broadway. And I walk up and down Broadway, out of manager ——'s office into manager ——'s office, out of one agency into another, this joy and this beauty nestling in me and clamoring for expression.

IT was the night before the opening. Everything and everybody was upset. The "star" did not yet know her lines, and so her prompter was expecting a scolding any minute; the leading man swore at his hat, his trousers, his valet, his shoes, his cloak, his costumers; those who had less important parts swore secretly *à la* the "star" and the leading man, and smiled and uttered kind words and flatteries when either of these two celebrities approached them; the electrician, a highly nervous chap, was swearing at the switch; the carpenters couldn't get things to set right; the stage-manager was rushing around looking for "props"; the director argued in a loud voice with the manager, who insisted that if, at the end of the first act, that and that thing were done, they would be sure to get at least a dozen curtain-calls; the director argued that that and that thing would be inconsistent—"Never mind" yelled the manager, "we want the curtain-calls." Helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, chaos everywhere. Only the "extras," made up and dressed in their respective gaudy costume-ball dresses, stood silently by, wishing to be out of the way, and watched. I was one of them. The star was not yet ready; the leading-man threatened not to go on for the opening the next day if the management didn't see to it that he got a "decent hat."



THE dress-parade began. The director started with the extras, who had been ready and waiting for the last hour. He examined them one by one, their make-up, their dress, and made suggestions. The extras paraded by.

"Make her take some of that red off," the manager shouted to the director from the auditorium, "this aint a musical show."

My turn came. "Pull your tights up more," the director said to me, "they sag at the knees." I hurried away and ran up to the dressing room, glad to be away from that disquieting, nauseating atmosphere. I remember I prayed, prayed that I might soon have a "real" part, so that I would not have to be an ornament on the stage, like one of the expensive candlesticks they employed in the same scene where I was.

I went down again and watched the goings-on. Everything was instructive, for everything was as it should not be.

The low-comedian of the company began to talk to me. He had a gentle voice, and kind, searching eyes.

"Were you able to fix them?" he asked. I understood.

"No, not much," I answered, "they still sag. I don't know how to get them to stay."

"Will you permit me to show you?"

There was a ring of sincerity in his voice. I knew he wished to help me, and I was genuinely grateful to him.

"Thank you, yes," I said. And he taught me how to manage those mysteries—tights.

It was eleven o'clock, and still the rehearsal had not begun. Everybody was cross and tired and hungry. Some feigned mirth and told each other stories; some sat in corners, silent, sleepy; some girls were persistently knitting; one girl came over to me and slapped me on the shoulder: "Cheer up, girlie, get some pep up. I feel just full of pep!" And she began to jig, while she ogled the leading-man. . . . My head was nearly bursting with pain.

"Act One" shouted the stage-manager at last. And the rehearsal began. Everything went wrong: the star could not hear the prompter and spoke crossly to her, whereupon the

prompter flung the script on the floor, put on her hat and coat, dared to answer the star, and rushed out of the theatre. The stage-manager took her place; the leading-man tripped over a rent in the carpet and swore that it was the fault of "those damned trousers"; the electrician seemed to have forgotten how to run the switch,—when amber lights were wanted he swung on the reds, when overheads were to be toned down he turned off the foots, when the fireplace was to be turned on gradually he switched on a full glare,—and so on. The director tried hard to control himself. He was a quiet, rich-voiced man, who appeared to be absolutely without a temper. I marvelled at his ability to control himself in the face of such confusion. I learned later, when I had become well acquainted with him that it was only because he had such a profound dislike for the stupid play he was directing that he was unaffected by all the mishaps of the dress rehearsal. He was directing for Broadway because he "had to at present"; he dreamed of doing good work, and directing real plays, works of art, some day in the future.

Acts one and two were stumbled, yelled and cursed through. It was two o'clock in the morning. The great love-scene was on. I stood in the wings and listened. I listened for a note of sincerity from the star, from the leading-man. Could they not hear themselves? Were they not sickened, as I was, by their voice trickeries? Could they not hear the dishonesty in their voices? Could they not see how false was the picture they were creating? Did ever human beings love each other thus? Good God! was I going crazy? All around me stood gaping, uttering fine phrases—"How wonderful!" "Isn't she superb!" "Don't they look great together!" "What a voice she has!" "I'm all chilled!"—I searched their eyes, their expressions. Oh, how they were lying to themselves, or how incapable they were of judging! But then, it was 2 A. M., and all normal people should be in bed at 2 A. M.



AT four o'clock in the morning the photographs were taken. Everybody dropped the cheese sandwiches the stage-door-man had brought and lined up for the camera. How good it is that modern photography can lie so well. But for the modernness of photography, what a motley crowd would the theatre-goer have gazed at on the posters.

"All right" yelled the stage manager. "Rehearsal at eleven."

It was 4.30 A. M. when I left the theatre and found my way to the subway, kneedeep in snow and slush. My head ached, my eyes ached, my heart ached when I thought of the sordidness of that dress rehearsal. It was my first dress rehearsal. No, it was not what I had hoped it would be. The manager's voice rang in my ears—"Never mind, we want the curtain calls!"—I fell asleep and dreamed of big-bellied monsters who danced around a gigantic curtain that kept rising and falling.

It was the opening night. Everyone was tense and overworked. The star had fainted twice that day. Nerves, nerves everywhere.

The first act ended. The audience broke out into a storm of applause. The actors, surrounding the star, bowed and smiled their appreciation. The applause continued. The actors hastily left the stage while the curtain was down, and for the next curtain-call the star was alone. The applause increased and the star bowed and smiled again. The manager stood in the wings, in full dress, the only apparently calm person behind the scenes. "Curtain!" he shouted to the stagehands, over and over again, while the star bowed and smiled.

No sooner was the curtain down and the star began to leave the stage, than the manager shouted "Curtain" and up went the curtain again, and again there was applause, and again the star bowed and smiled. The eighth "curtain" had just dropped. The star had reached the exit. "Curtain!" shouted the manager, while the applause straggled along.

"Please!" pleaded the star.

"Now, X———! Curtain!" The manager insisted gently.

The star walked on again, and bowed and smiled.

The twelfth "Curtain!" was being ordered. A record was being made. The applause had almost ceased.

"No more, please!" begged the star.

"Curtain!" shouted the manager.

The curtain began to rise, and was quickly lowered again. The star had fainted:



I WAS very eager for five o'clock to come that day. The day dragged on, and by four o'clock I had nervous indigestion as a result of my eagerness. For at five I was to meet the casting-director of the great Mr. Z———, one of the most influential and active managers on Broadway.

I arrived at his office fifteen minutes before the appointed time. I waited half an hour, and was then admitted into the small, overcrowded private office.

"Well, child," he smiled at me as he shook my hand warmly. "How are you?"

"Well; thank you."

"Sit down."

I obeyed, and sat in a chair near his.

"And so you would like Mr. Z——— to hear you, or see you, do something?"

"Yes," I answered. "I know I have talent—"

"You do look talented" he interrupted.

"—and it is so hard to get an opportunity to prove it—I mean, through an engagement. So I would like Mr. Z——— to see me in some scenes of, let us say, 'Romeo and Juliet' or 'The Wild Duck' or 'Youth' or——"

"Yes, yes," he said, "that would be the best way."

My hopes rose high.

"Do you think that is possible?" I asked.

"Um—yes—surely. Of course, you know Mr. Z——— bothers with very few people. But I shall see to it that he sees you soon, very soon," he beamed.

I felt most grateful to him.

"Thank you, thank you!" was all I could say. "I hardly know how to thank you!"

"There, there, don't get excited. Here's my hand. You see, like a big brother."

He drew me toward him.

"Thank you," I said, "I appreciate it."

"How old are you, child?" he asked, while the continued to hold my hand and puffed at his cigar.

"Twenty-one."

"Um, you are very pretty. I think Mr. Z——— will like your type."

I felt embarrassed.

"Are you Spanish?" he asked.

"No."

"Um. Do you smoke?" He offered me a puff at his cigar.

"No," I answered, puzzled by the sudden turn of the conversation.

"No? Some women smoke a great deal, don't they?"

"Yes, some do, but I don't care for it. I find it hurts my voice."

"Oh, so you have (Continued on page 63)"

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

Princeton University Triangle Club Presents

"The Isle of Surprise" An Oriental Melo-

Farce With Musical Accompaniment

AFTER a lapse of three years necessitated by war conditions, the Princeton University Club returns to its normal scope of activities this winter with the presentation of "The Isle of Surprise," an oriental melo-farce with musical accompaniment. Although the war broke the continuity of productions, the interim furnished a golden opportunity for a general reorganization of the club, sweeping aside binding traditions and adding new impetus to the personnel.

With the resumption of college on a pre-war basis last January, came an accompanying move on the part of the undergraduates to restore campus activities. And in particular, the returned fighters were anxious to reorganize the Triangle Club. Consequently, "Hon. Julius Caesar," written by Booth Tarkington while an undergraduate in 1892, was dragged from the club archives, dusted, and hastily presented in twentieth century style. These "Roman Follies" played once in New York and four times in Princeton.

ONE of the invaluable lessons learned from this make-shift production was that a performance, lacking every vestige of professionalism, appeals to the modern theatre-goer. On this account, "The Isle of Surprise" has been carefully guarded from the taint of an indifferent combination of amateur and professional talent, and is the sole product of undergraduate effort. This feature has been carried into every detail, including the stage settings which were designed by a student who formerly lived in India, the scene of the action. The entire production is coached by Donald Clive Stuart, Princeton Professor of Dramatic Literature.

Another precedent has been set in the writing of the play itself. Whereas, former college productions have been featured by their imita-



J. Russell Forgan, of Chicago, as "John Jacob Topley" in the Triangle Club's melo-farce, "The Isle of Surprise." Forgan's interpretation of this part is one of the outstanding features of the production, and his acting, singing and dancing give him a prominent place in college theatricals

its natural course. The argument, which is all absorbing, centers around the warm, dreamy atmosphere of a sunny isle in the Arabian Sea. Every effort has been directed toward producing a vehicle which will draw forth the best undergraduate talent in the field of acting, dancing, singing, designing and composing. At the same time, the management has not permitted the play to lapse into the "continuous vaudeville" which has marked similar productions.

THE primary motive of the Triangle Club and the reason which justifies its existence is that it shall give a reliable reflection of the very best ideals of Princeton students. However, it should not be inferred from this that

the production has a local campus appeal or that it is necessary to spend four years within Princeton's gothic walls to appreciate the play. Dramatics at the University have kept pace with the ever-broadening interests and activities of Princeton which have attained a national scope. "The Isle of Surprise" is not an exposition of local interests pertaining to the

campus, but is of a nature to make a national appeal.

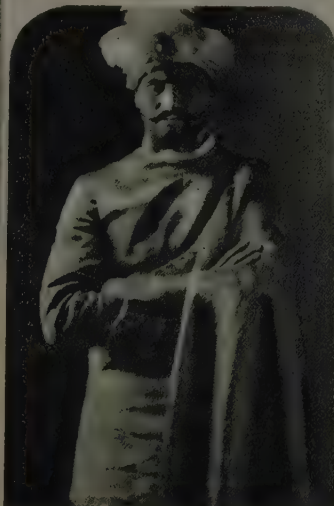
The music, which has also been composed by Erdman Harris, grows out of the situations themselves. Three melodic elements have been dove-tailed into the setting in the Wagnerian motif manner: the native Indo-Mohammedan, the British military, and the American. The high ideal set for the songs is Gilbert and Sullivan, with the chorus frequently punctuating the principals' numbers with counter-point melodies. Although jazz and "blue" twists have been relegated to the dim background and the music is primarily semi-classical, the score retains a delightful and refined undertone of syncopation and melody. Harris has already attained to considerable prominence in the field of composing, one New York publisher offering to buy twenty-five of his songs. The cast will be supported by an orchestra of twenty-five pieces which is coached and directed by Harris.

WHILE the early effort of student thespians was restricted to local performances, the club expanded rapidly under the guidance of ambitious managers. And, as is only natural in the case of rapid development, the plans eventually over-reached the goal. On that account, the contribution of the present management has been a general stabilizing of the production, a search for the happy medium. Consequently, the annual Christmas trip has been curtailed to nine cities. The prime purpose is to play well in



Erdman Harris, of Sewichley, Pa., President of the Princeton Triangle Club, who besides exercising a general supervision over the production, composed the music, coached the student orchestra and wrote "The Isle of Surprise," in collaboration with E. Hope Coffey

on of inimitable Broadway, the present authors, Erdman Harris, resident of the club, and E. Hope Coffey, have smashed the guided idols of the Great White Way and permitted their creative talent to run



Frank M. Chapman, Jr., of New York City, in the leading Oriental rôle as the "Murad of Hurshibar," and Walter P. Folmer, of New York City, as the very convincing "leading lady" in the part of "Namonia."



Richard T. Frick, of Pittsburgh, the vice-president of the Triangle Club, made up for the part of "Captain Gilbert-Sullivan" of the British Army

every-city, and every other consideration is subservient to this end. Rigid rules safeguarding the health of the personnel, have been laid down and these will be enforced by means of an elaborate system of understudies.

Photos by White

THE DRAMA IN THE

MOVEMENT CHURCH

THE RETURN OF THE DRAMA TO
ITS FOSTER MOTHER, THE CHURCH

By CANON GABRIEL FARRELL

A RELIGIOUS pageant presented by the members of the Sunday Schools in over a thousand Episcopal churches all over this nation, absorbed the interest of the congregations on Sunday, November 30. This pageant took the place of the sermon and was part of the Church School Program of the Nation-Wide Campaign which has been arousing the members of that religious body the past few months. The pageant was given to present with dramatic vividness the motive of the campaign and the mission of the Church. It had, however, a greater significance than that, for it marks a new epoch in the relationship between the Church and drama.

The relationship that exists between these two institutions has been always whimsical and occasionally whimsical. At times they have been closely allied and at other times they have been widely at odds. Some one writing of this relationship in the fourth century states that the church became "the nursing mother of an art which seemed incapable of regeneration." The drama is, indeed, somewhat a child of the church but the type of motherhood has perhaps, not always been ideal. A phrase of my English housekeeper best describes that relationship. She frequently remarks: "I'm as good as a bad step-mother to you." With the exception of a few generous epochs that has been about the type of motherly interest that the church has exercised over things theatrical.

And yet she has been a "nursing mother" to drama. Under her inspiration, drama was kept alive through the Dark Ages. The wandering players appearing at the festivals of the church, kept burning the dramatic spark which the church itself had snuffed almost to extinction when under Roman influence "the art of acting had become the pander of the lewd or the frivolous itch of eye and ear and the theatre had contributed its utmost to the demoralization of the world." From that low estate the art of acting was taken by the clergy to teach with dramatic effect the truths and wonders of the Christian faith. Under the patronage of the church came the Mystery Play, the Miracle Play and the Morality Play of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

WE have lived so long under the suppressing influence of the Reformation that it is difficult to conceive of this happy relationship between the theatre and the Church, but such ventures as the Nation-Wide pageant of last month are doing much to draw together again



The nation-wide pageant as it was presented in the chancel of Calvary Church, Glad-Consecration and Venture-for-God, having responded to the call of the Church, the Workers are led to the altar for consecration to their task of building the City of God.

the nursing mother and the wayward child. Hundreds of good people, who at first were horrified at the very thought of putting on a "play" on Sunday and in the church, are today enthusiastic over this form of teaching. The dignity with which the pageant was presented in all the various parishes and the reverence with which the boys and girls took their parts were a revelation to many, while the pictorial delight and inspirational value of dramatic presentation caused even the most Puritanical to rejoice.

The idea of this extensive presentation was conceived as part of the Church School Program of the Nation-Wide Campaign of the Episcopal Church. This campaign was held "to inform the mind and arouse the conscience" of the members of the Church. The leaders of the children's part felt that no better mode of accomplishing the stated purpose could be devised than through a pageant or mystery play. In its preparation the boys and girls would gain

most vital features of the whole program.

The eagerness with which the pageant was received exceeded the expectation of the originators. People everywhere clamored for it. The office was fairly deluged with telegrams demanding copies. Nearly thirty thousand copies were distributed and fully that many people participated in its presentation from New York to Spokane. Requests came even from the Dominican Republic, Canada and India.

It must not, however, be thought that the pageant met entirely with approbation. Opposition it surely had, but the surprising thing to those in charge was the small amount of opposition. One good Bishop pronounced a decree inhibiting the presentation in his diocese, even as a certain Pope in the Fourth century pronounced religious dramatic presentation anathema. In several cases, Rectors declined to have the presentation within the church edifice and it was therefore, relegated to the parish hall, just as in the tenth century ecclesiastical plays were banished from the churches,

whence they passed first to the church yards and then to the public squares. Another Bishop, impressed probably by senatorial practice, permitted the presentation within his diocese "with reservations." One of the reservations was the elimination of the words, "and wine," from the allegorical phrase, "Bread and Wine of Self-Content," on the ground that it might give opportunity for protest from our prohibition friends and a chance to charge that the Protestant Episcopal Church is teaching its children to drink wine. A few Bishops followed the historical precedent of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, who in 1779 issued a manifesto condemning all ecclesiastical drama. Aided by the civil authority this was accomplished with one exception. The one exception was the performance of the, "The Passion of Our Saviour," by the peasants of Oberammergau, who in 1633 vowed to present this religious drama every ten years in recognition of the cessation of a plague

(Concluded on Page 60)



Scene from the pageant, "The Builders of the City of God," as given at Calvary Church, New York, in which the spirit of the Nation-Wide Campaign and her attendant Urgencies—Victory, Missions, Religious Education and Social Service—present the duties and opportunities of the Church in the new day. The Episcopal Church organized a campaign whereby this same pageant took place simultaneously in over a thousand churches on Sunday, November 30th. The young people in these churches throughout the country, entered into the spirit of the pageant with the greatest enthusiasm.

C H O O S I N G T H E P L A Y

Principals to be Considered by Amateurs in Selecting Material to Produce

By CLARENCE STRATTON

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF FIVE ARTICLES WHICH POINT
THE WAY TO THE SUCCESSFUL ESTABLISHMENT OF AN
EFFICIENT AMATEUR ORGANIZATION IN YOUR CLUB, CHURCH
OR COMMUNITY

AFTER an organization for the presentation of plays has been perfected, the first question of importance which arises is, "What plays shall it produce?"

No matter how definitely some purpose has been stated in the constitution of the society, there arises continually the necessity of deciding which plays to select. The purpose may be so simple as "to provide entertainments of a dramatic character." It may assert that only "plays exemplifying the new movement in the theatre are to be acted." It may intend to give plays by its own members only. Whatever its avowed purpose, decisions must be made among possible choices, so that the actual work of production may begin.

There are literally, thousands of good plays. How shall the best and most appropriate be chosen?

FOUR factors enter into all such considerations: 1. The tone or quality of your aims. 2. The actors. 3. The stage. 4. The audience.

So far as the first of these is concerned, you can easily declare that you desire to choose only the best plays written. That is the worthiest aim you can have for the quality of your material. If you decide to offer only farce, you should choose the best. If you venture into melodrama, you should try to select the best. If you turn to the classics, you should unfailingly select those which are best as drama.

The actors to whom you entrust the rôles will determine the range of your examination. Plays with large casts may be debarred in advance. Others with children's rôles may fall outside your group. A drama may require a certain physical type which your personnel does not include. You had better not attempt it, then, at the risk of miscasting a part. A play may not interest the performers. Professionals will work with material when they are not enthusiastic about it. But amateurs, to be successful, must be congenial in their rôles. In amateur organizations casts have unanimously returned a play to the Director, asking to be excused from performing in it. In other cases, individuals relinquish rôles, so that some thirty persons may attend rehearsals before five rôles are cast.

Likewise, the stage you use will eliminate certain plays. This consideration is not so important as it used to be, for modern stage-craft has shown almost unbelievable effects upon small and simple stages.

Last of all, the audience must be considered. There is a tendency among some little theatre enthusiasts to pretend that audiences can be totally disregarded. In some cases they may be, but the general practice is to present plays before audiences. Even the most intellectual or novel good plays should attract people who respond to their dramatic effects.

AN amateur group which starts to build up a producing company should attempt at the same time to develop an appreciative audience, unless it exists already. Experimental societies will do well to follow the methods of their successful predecessors. Perhaps the best known organization of this kind was the Washington Square Players. Novelties they gave by dozens. Yet they appear to have been careful never to repel their audiences. The bold, the bizarre, the

startling, the advanced, was always "carried" by surrounding material, the effect of which could be predicted with certainty. By careful study and adjustment, this company was able to move its audience from the Washington Square district to a remote East Side Theatre, then to the professional Comedy Theatre.

As a summary of the preceding, it may be stated as a general rule that, taking into consideration the physical limitations of your stage, the dramatic ability of your actors, and the composition of your authors, you should choose only the best plays.

THE second question which will arise is, "Shall we produce full length plays, or one-act plays?"

Full length plays have certain advantages. They tell fully-developed and rounded-off plots. They have a significance because of their length. They give chances for character delineation by the performers. They offer opportunities for more different kinds of characters. The actors have more changes of moods, more reactions to portray. As many full length plays are set in one place, or in two different places, they may be easily and adequately mounted. Make-shift stage decoration—only too evident to the experienced audience—can be avoided by careful planning and arranging. If you have to provide your own scenery you might find the three or four sets for a bill of one-act plays beyond your resources, yet you might be able to pay for the one or two sets of a long play.

The greatest advantage of the full length play is that this is the form most familiar to audiences. People have become accustomed to follow drama of this length and pattern.

On the other hand, long plays are sometimes difficult for amateurs to interpret satisfactorily because the acting requires more ability than a fifteen minute incident does. Characters have to develop, to change, and this variety of delineation becomes an exaction which must be carefully adjusted. In addition to this, inexperienced actors may find it difficult to "stand up" to the requirements of a rôle running through three or four acts. Acting consumes both nervous and physical energy. If the cast enters the concluding act with no vigor, their efforts will likely fall flat when they should be most stirring. The leading rôles must be particularly well cast to balance these demands made by a long play.

WHILE many amateurs cling to the long play, most progressive groups have turned to the one-act play. The two chief deterrents to its

even wider popularity are the expense and labor of setting it properly. Most long plays require the usual surroundings of everyday life. Theatres and halls have such scenery, or can provide it. One-act plays make the most startling demands—a light-house interior, the operating theatre of a hospital, the

engine room of a submarine, a man's heart, the outside of an envelope, a grotesque design in black and white, a portion of limitless space in eternity, a mantel-shelf, the Gate of Heaven, the fore-castle of a tramp steamer. As a bill of one-act plays includes three or four, the expense of many different settings may run high. Yet in making such stage decorations lies one of the keenest delights of play producing.

The second difficulty is the usual attitude of audiences to one-act plays. In spite of the years during which good, bad, and impossible short plays have been offered in vaudeville, and the great vogue of this short form on the European continent, American audiences have to be trained to respond heartily to them. The Princess Theatre in New York, which advertised that no one under twenty-one would be admitted, could not remain open with one-act bills. Other instances of the same kind could be adduced. Yet there are noticeable already some results of the activities of little theatre groups. People are being educated to appreciate the one-act plays as a worthy form of drama.

REASONS for choosing one-act plays greatly outweigh the reasons against them. In the first place, most of the greatest dramatists have produced remarkable material in this form. That alone would lead to their production. There are additional inducements. One-act plays are usually easy for the performers. They do not require any great changes or developments of character delineation. They make keen appeals, all the more poignant because short. They usually require only small casts, making easy the choice of actors, and the progress of rehearsals.

The most alluring feature of short plays is the characteristic already cited as a probable difficulty—the demands of their stage settings. They offer the widest scope for originality, for novelty, for ingenuity, for beauty. They provide the experimental material, in which a falling short is not a heinous crime, but in which a signal success may reform or revolutionize stage production to such a degree that it may reach even the professional stage. Naturally, a beginning organization, acting before a tolerant audience, will have to be careful of introducing too many startling effects. But every performance can step more and more decidedly along the newer paths to entire originality of theme and treatment. Thus, if the audience is not at the beginning prepared for novel methods, the productions, always keeping in advance but never losing sympathetic contact, can lead on to pantomime, to spoken lines without action, to so-called static drama in which the idea alone progresses, to characters playing in zones of different colored lights, to draped stages, to stylisation, conventionalized sets, to silhouetting the actors, and all the other attractive experimental newer methods.

OF the choice of plays themselves, the guiding principle should be variety. The list of kinds

(Concluded on page 66)





From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

C A T H E R I N E C A L V E R T

The late Famous Players-Lasky star who is at present lending her talent and beauty to the recently formed Films, Inc. Her next picture is based on the serial story "That Woman"

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



THOSE disgruntled critics who are constantly proclaiming the superiority of the spoken drama over the unspoken have had a splendid opportunity recently to put their theories to a thorough test. Three screen versions of popular stage successes have been on view at New York motion picture theatres and if these scorners of the "movies" had been broad-minded enough to see these pictures with unprejudiced eyes, they would, in my estimation, have been forced to retract their dicta.

The pictures that I refer to are "Male and Female," Cecil B. DeMille's picturization of J. M. Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton;" "Lord and Lady Algy," a screen adaptation of R. C. Carton's comedy of the same name, in which William Faversham and Maxine Elliott appeared two seasons ago, and "Erstwhile Susan," a film version of the highly successful comedy founded on Helen S. Martin's novel, "Barnabetta." It was in "Erstwhile Susan," by the way, that Mrs. Fiske added fresh laurels to her fame.

IN many respects "Lord and Lady Algy" as a picture is far superior to the play. I saw the play at the time Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott appeared in it and, while their individual acting was delightful, the dialogue was wooden and old-fashioned and the dramatic pulse beat so fitfully at times that one was scarcely aware of the fact, that it was beating at all. Frankly, I was bored to death during one-third of the play. And the horse race, which Lady Algy was forced to tell the audience about because it happened "off stage," is graphically shown on the screen, giving to the story that action which was so sadly needed in the stage version.

This is a Goldwyn picture, which means that it was directed with an intelligence and discretion that one has grown to associate with all Goldwyn productions. It has been directed by H. Beaumont and he was careful in reproducing an atmosphere that subtly conveys to the audience a picture of sport-loving English society of the past generation.

The story is that of Lord Algy, who smokes a different brand of cigarettes from that which Lady Algy prefers. In horse-racing, she always picks winners and he always picks losers. They don't think alike on many of the non-essentials, but imagine that these things are of such consequence that they separate and she goes to live with her aunt. But down in their hearts they still love one another and when he goes to smash by picking the wrong horse, she picks the right one in the same race and wins a fortune, only to lay it all at his feet with her love.

This simple story is admirably enacted on the screen by Tom Moore as Lord Algy and Naomi Childers as Lady Algy. Mr. Moore was convincingly real as the good-hearted nobleman and Miss Childers was not only charming to look upon, but acted the part with a deftness and distinction that revealed qualities not hitherto suspected in her work.

ONE of the meatiest and most impressive pictures that I have seen "on any screen" is the Famous-Players production of "Male and Female," which is the screen version of "The Admirable Crichton." Surely, Sir James Matthew Barrie would be delighted beyond words at this careful and artistic screen presentment of his delightful comedy. Jeanie Macpherson, who has always revealed the touch of a real artist, has arranged the picture version of this famous play, and she has done her work admirably.

D. W. Griffith, himself, has never done a more notable picture than this, which reveals Cecil B. DeMille as a master artist in handling big, stunning effects. The attention to detail revealed in every phase of the picture excites the enthusiastic admiration of the beholder. Surely no critic, be he ever so opposed to the "movies," could withhold praise where praise is so deservedly due.

The Babylonian scenes, for instance, fairly out-Griffith in their sumptuous splendor and opulent magnificence. Scene after scene is unfolded in a kaleidoscopic ensemble on beauty. Particularly effective are the scenes on the desert island with their background of tropic luxuriance.

Nor is the acting one whit behind the gorgeous settings

in satisfactory achievement. Gloria Swanson as Lady Mary and Lila Lee as "Tweeny," the little slavey, grip and hold the attention throughout the duration of the picture. Miss Swanson in London, on the desert island and as she sinks into the sunken bath, is a picture that always holds and pleases the eye, and never in any other picture have I seen Miss Lee reveal such acting ability.

Thomas Meighan as Crichton, the admirable butler, duplicates in excellence his performance as the crook in "The Miracle Man," and Raymond Hatton, whose performance as the spineless king in "Jeanne d'Arc" is still vividly remembered, gives a whimsical and laughable impersonation of Hon. Ernest Wolley. Theodore Roberts plays Lord Loam with authority and distinction, and Robert Cain was a Lord Brockelhurst after Barrie's own heart. Not to have seen "Male and Female" is something to regret.

ELSIE JANIS was certainly a regular girl during the war, as countless American doughboys will attest, and now she is "A Regular Girl" in the fine picture by that name which has been produced by Selznick—a colorful production that gives the enchanting Elsie a chance to be her own delectable self. She plays the part of a social butterfly who is not broken but made on the wheel of war.

This screen girl goes abroad as a nurse and entertainer, finds out the uselessness of her ante-war social life and becomes a sort of over-there heroine to the boys. Coming back to this country, she looks up "her boys"—the youngsters that she served so loyally in France. Many of them are out of jobs and she hustles around and gets them employment, incidentally falling in love with a regular man—a part well acted by Matt Moore.

In the society circus scene arranged for "her boys" to raise funds for her employment project, Miss Janis performs as a bareback rider and does a trapeze act with all of the gusto and naive enjoyment of Fred Stone or Douglas Fairbanks.

"A Regular Girl" is an entertaining and heart-catching screen entertainment that deserves to be a big success.

ERSTWHILE SUSAN," a Realart production, automatically projects Constance Binney into the ranks so long occupied by Mary Pickford, the Talmadge sisters and the two Gish girls. As *Barnabetta*, the neglected little girl of Helen S. Martin's engrossing story, Miss Binney's performance is both touching and amusing. It is hard to imagine any one giving a better performance. This young actress has doffed her own personality for the nonce and you never think of her as any one but *Barnabetta*. Surely this, is art—even if it is in the movies.

The production has all the spirit of the book. It gives you the "feel" of the country and the characteristics of the people. In the stage production, Mrs. Fiske dominated by force of her nervous art, but in the picture, while the art of Constance Binney is omnipresent, there are many other things that make the production notable.

WILLIAM FOX is presenting William Farnum in "The Last of the Duane," a picturization of Zane Grey's novel of the same name. It is a story of pioneer days when fingers were quick on triggers. Buck Duane (Wm. Farnum) is the last of a race of men who were even quicker than most in the art of puncturing the human anatomy.

Cal Bain, one of the worst of the many bad men who have figured in fiction, dares Buck to come forth and do his darndest. Buck does, and the bad man bites the dust. Then Buck becomes an outlaw and has many desperate encounters. There is an abused girl, Jenny Lee and a desperado named Poggin. Buck is offered his pardon if he will clean up the gang and give Poggin some dust to eat. He tackles this job, gets pretty well shot up, and is brought home on a stretcher to the waiting arms of his Jenny.

Mr. Farnum makes a heroic Buck, full of blood and iron, in a picturesque melodrama that, considering the hackneyed nature of its plot, nevertheless keeps the audience in a breathless state of suspense and delights the admirers of the fire-eating hero.

EDGAR CARTWIN.



LOIS LEE

Supporting Monroe Salisbury in the Universal feature, "The Phantom Melody"

(Below)

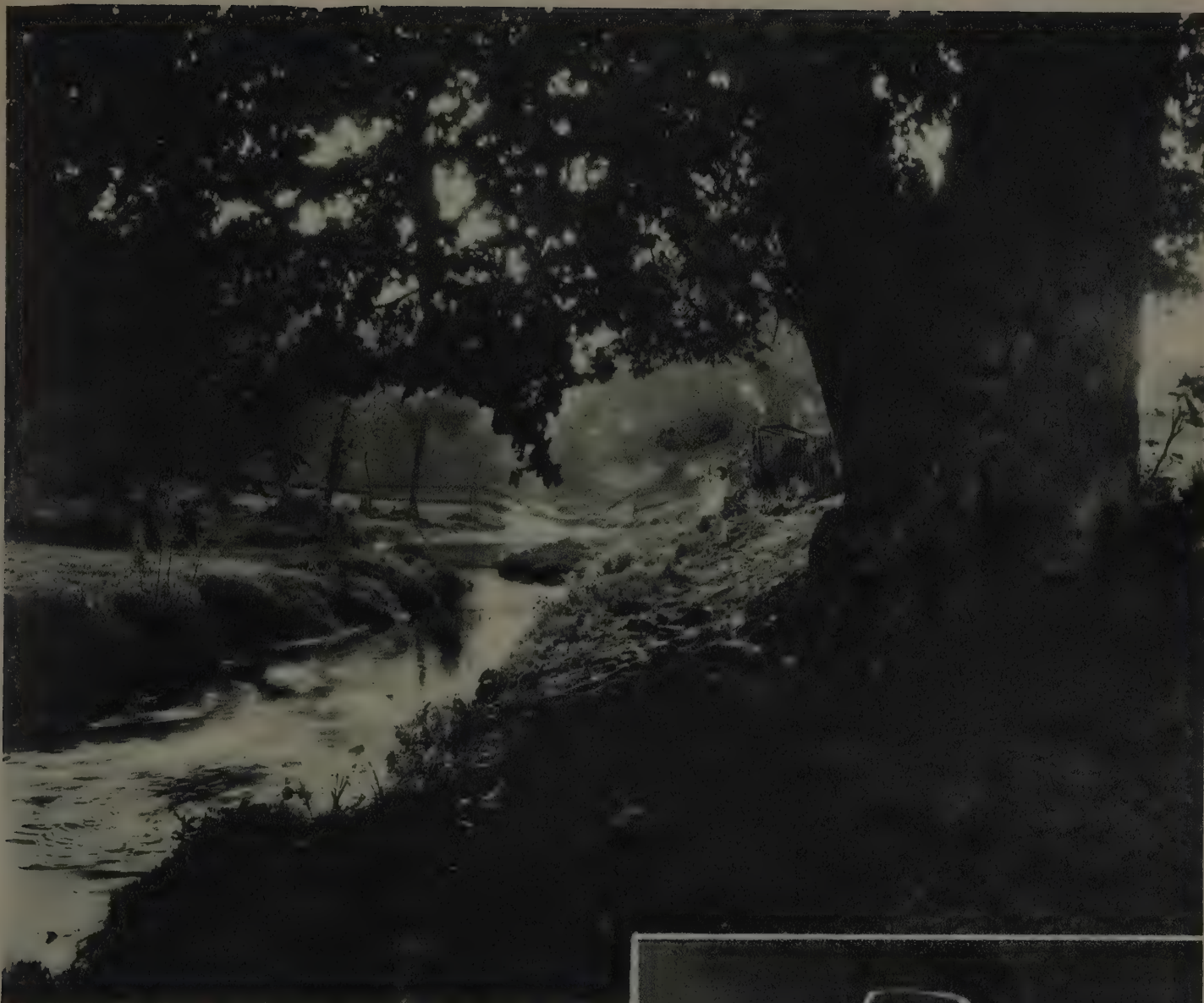
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

This popular Selznick star has met with considerable success in her recent pictures, "The Country Cousin" and "Greater Than Fame." Film fans are eagerly awaiting the release of her next photoplay, "The Woman Game"



FAVORITES
IN FILMLAND

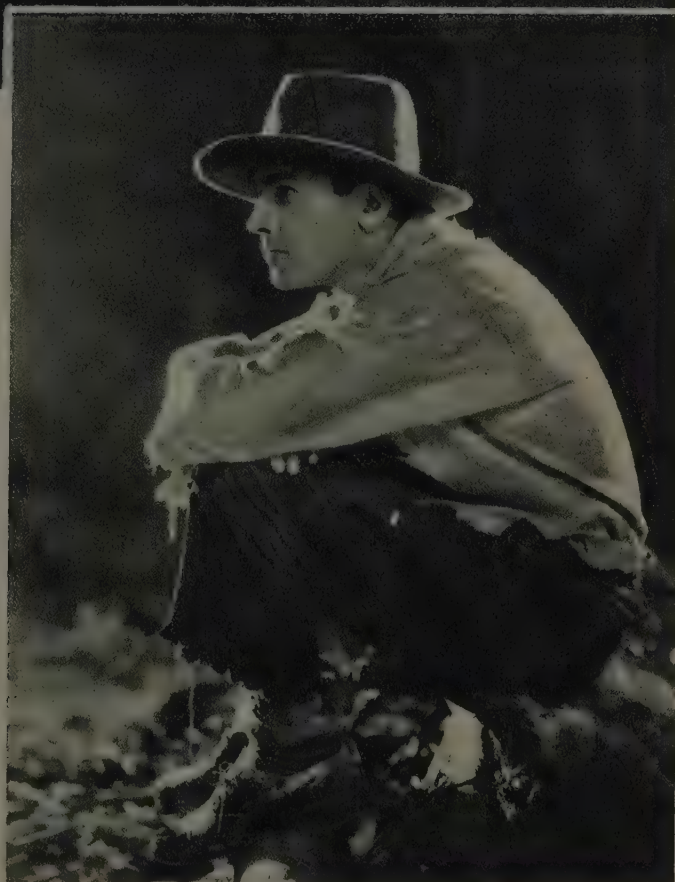
Abbe

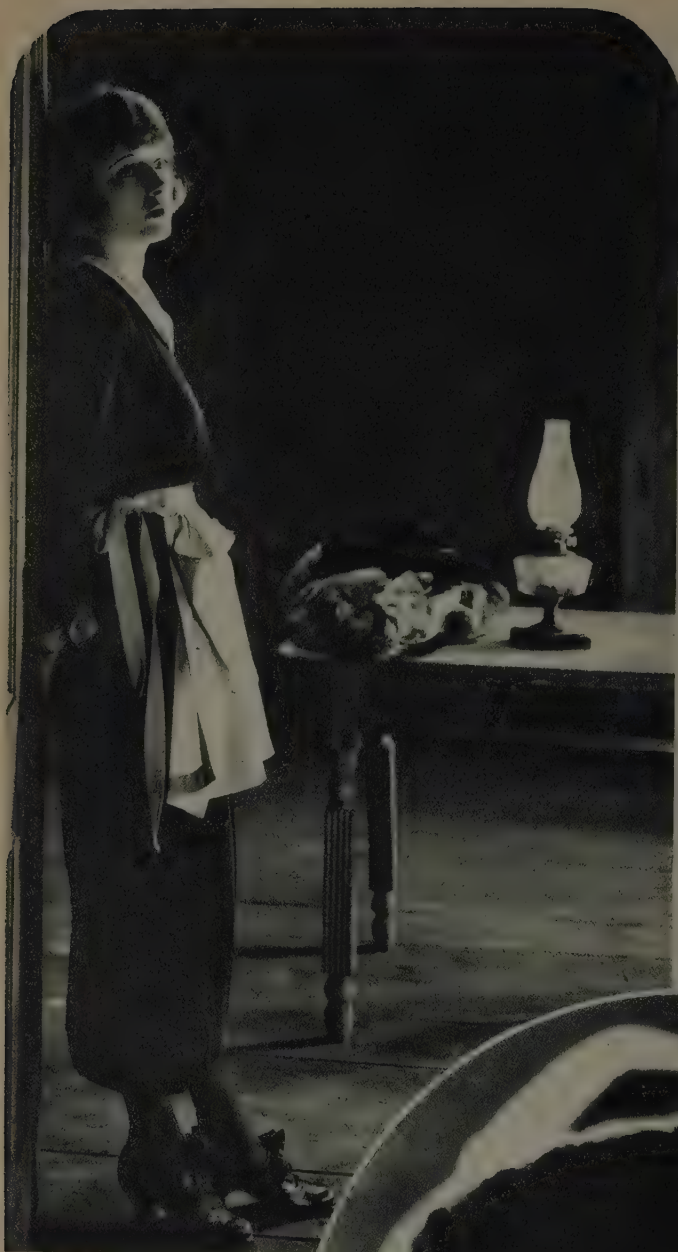


Dorothy Gish—the tiny figure blowing bubbles on the hill—is the heroine of the new Paramount-Artcraft picture, "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS

Whose Chinaman in "Broken Blossoms" was one of the finest screen impersonations and who scored again in "Scarlet Days," is seen here in a new Griffith picture—a romance of the South Sea Islands





Corinne Griffith in
"Human Collateral"—
Vitagraph



© Ira L. Hill



Campbell

Anita Stewart is heading her own
company her latest picture being
"In Old Kentucky," a spectacular
and thrilling melodrama

Madge Kennedy, the
charming little Gold-
wyn star has met the
popular appeal in
"Strictly Confidential"

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



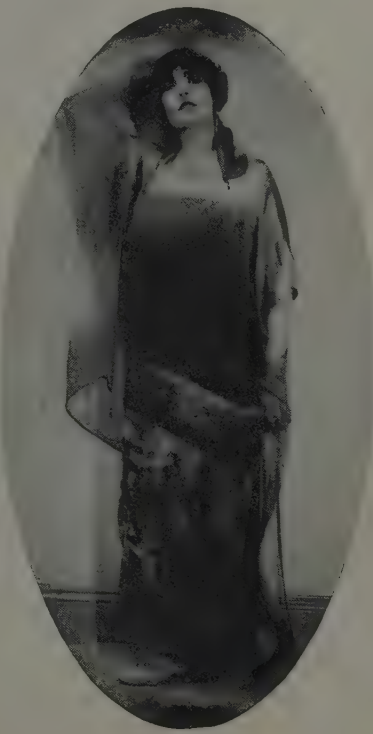
Maurice Goldberg

Jeanne Gordon, the new Metropolitan Opera mezzo—who made a sensational debut this season in Tosco. She poses for Theatre Magazine in an enchanting "robe de salon" from the Cockroft Studios, called the "Jungle Gown." The foundation slip is an illuminated tissue, exotic in coloring of French blue and crushed rose, with an amber fringed tunic that suggests the spray of a water-fall. The tunic is flame-color chiffon, picked out in a tropical design of palms and jungle flowers. The garment slips on over the head, and Celal—one is arrayed to receive le monde



Miss Gordon states that "robes de salon" are a hobby with her. They have the persuasive influence of a subtle perfume, and add an insidious charm to the personality. The gown illustrated to the right is called the "Greek Warrior" from the Cockroft Studios, and is designed in war-like batik figures of the Ancient Hun going to war with the Greeks. The soft colorings of the panel over crimson and gold, produce a startling effect of mystery and dignity. The panel sleeves swing in Roman fashion, while a butterfly train drapes from the shoulders in engaging manner

In Carmen-mood, Miss Gordon flaunts a Cockroft illuminated scarf-gown, which she adjusts at the side with a diamond buckle, or shapes it to her with a tissue sash. But the color is the thing! according to our young artist, so the camera snaps her while she defies her audience to match the gleaming colors of her old-gold scarf, with its glorious fringes and matchless texture. "The scarf for a gown draped around" has launched a new and bewitching fashion in tea gowns



Pour l'après-midi
et
le soir

CARLOTTA MONTEREY POSES IN
CHARMING AND VERSATILE
GOWNS FROM GIDDING'S. MISS
MONTEREY IS TO BE STARRED
SHORTLY IN THE GREAT
DRAMA "ESTHER," A BIBLE
STORY OF ABSORBING INTEREST



Maurice Goldberg

THE gown has personality; there is no denying this obvious fact! For style and becomingness, it depends on extreme simplicity, with no trimming, save a clever application of wool fringe in the same color as the frock. Silk duvetyne, in old Chinese blue, curves into whimsical but absolutely correct lines of fashion, with a tight little bodice, and full tunic skirt over a narrow undershirt. Duvetyne-covered buttons fasten up the back, and disks of wool fringe make effective efforts to be conspicuous. Such is the way of the 'old-fashioned new-fashioned one-piece frock. When the hair is arranged to suit the style of dress, and drop earrings of jet are added as a frame to the picture, there is nothing further to be desired in securing "personality in dress"

(Left)

THE one piece gown has become a classic with the modern woman; she has learned that it is not only the easiest garment in the world to adjust, but that it does make her feel and look young. And if one feels young, lines of age in the face and figure fade magically away, and one is bound to look young. Here we have a combination of features in a gown that can never be improved upon. The basque or bodice coming down a bit over the hips secures the smart silhouette, and it may be attached to a skirt of velvet or tulle. In the illustration to the right, turquoise blue brocaded velvet becomes a smart little basque for several layers of blue-gray tulle, which form the skirt of dancing length. A sash of tulle holds the basque in rather tightly. There were never such marvellous materials before! Gold and silver thread have worked an intricate design through the most vivid satins and velvets that the oriental eye could fancy. Laces more fragile than the spider's web have cast their shadow over the folds of tightly draped materials



THE slippers worn with this dress are of silver cloth, with a rosette of ostrich held in place by a diamond buckle. Stockings are of the sheerest silver lace

Robes bouffantes et Juvenile

EVENING GOWNS ARE LONG AND
TIGHTLY DRAPED, OR SHORT
WITH EXAGGERATED FLOUNCES
OF BILLOWY TULLE. ENORMOUS
PANNIERS ARE MODIFIED
TO FULLNESS, PUFFS AND
RUFFLES AT THE HIP



Maurice Goldberg

WHEN the material is brocade, and the skirt is long and clinging about the feet, the evening gown becomes stately in elegance. Many of the great couturiers favor moderately narrow skirts for evening gowns, and they must be long—very long. At a recent wedding, Miss Monterey wore the above ciel blue and ivory brocade evening gown. There is a deep decolletage in the back, with the highly-cut bust line banded at the shoulder with jeweled straps. Wings of brocade graduate from the shoulders into a train of fish-tail design, lined with blue chiffon. The gown is distinguished by its lovely embroidered motifs in tiny pearl beads, outlined in gold and silver threads. Loose folds of the satin swathe the hips, and are caught up into a little puff at the back, forming a tiny bustle on each side of the train. Over this robe of splendor, is worn a loose, shapeless evening wrap of magenta taffeta, heavily encrusted with gold. In almost barbaric contrast, a piping of pomegranite and lemon yellow runs about the hem, while a broad band of sable edges the cuffs and collar.

IT begins and ends with accordion-pleated ruffles, and therefore succeeds in becoming a between-season frock of practicability and charm. The puffed out tendency of the skirt is conceded to be the smart silhouette of the moment, and when real bouffancy is not obtained by the use of feather-boning, pleats and ruffles cascade gracefully at the sides. Accordion pleats are particularly smart just now, and in the dark-blue taffeta worn by Miss Monterey, girlish simplicity and ultra style are obtained in the truly characteristic style of the house of Gidding. The front and back of the skirt is quite plain, but held in at the lower edge with an elastic. The sleeve is nothing more than a ruffle, and the close-fitting bodice is held in slightly with a reversible copper and sapphire colored velvet ribbon

PLEATING, be it wide or as narrow as paper edge, be it flat or folded in and out horizontally from the body, seems to be the feature of the moment

Rover et accessoires



Florence Shirley, the gay young widow in the delicious "Apple Blossom" operetta, displays a veritable talent for wearing smart frocks. Her wardrobe is now replete with exclusive frocks and accessories to be worn on her early sojourn to Palm Beach

All gowns and accessories from Bon Teller & Co.



The sketch gives only a faint idea of the beauty of two little "beach frocks." One is of brocade striped American Beauty satin, designed with shallow bodice and rather wide suspenders—another of black taffeta embroidered in amber and blue rings, flaunts a perky sash made in one with the bodice, surmounted with a wing jacket that is exceedingly youthful. Miss Shirley's riding togs are the joy of her wardrobe!—white breeches, with black velvet coat, that is the last word in smart silhouette

Women who have hesitated regarding the wearing of the very abbreviated French shirt and short sleeve, will surrender to its charm when they see the delicious design of the daytime dresses for warmer days. Coral-colored linen over black taffeta, and a dark-blue cloth with a ruffling of silk gingham, extending from bust to knee

Both gowns are short of sleeve, and shirts very short as to length, but they are decidedly appropriate for the warm and joyous days to come. A third daytime frock shown in the wheel-chair is of oyster white linen, with inserts and ruffling of hand embroidery and lace. While the sleeves are "kimona effect," they are for the most part set into the arm hole, assuring a very smart line to the bodice

For formal dinners, Miss Shirley will wear an elaborate cream and gold metal brocade, with flutings at the hips, and shaped jacket effect of brilliants and sapphires. What there is of the back, reaches up in a point towards the shoulders, where it is fastened in with the jeweled shoulder straps, forming a very lovely and unusual effect

our Palm Beach —

As doubtless one of the first questions will be concerning shoes, the answer is: French shoes are gaining in popularity, but they should be worn only with appropriate gowns. Certainly, the very short-skirted frocks are more effective when worn with French shoes, but our much-loved American long vamp slipper or pump, in patent leather, or kidskin to match the costume, has a permanent hold in the fashion rulings of the typically American gown. Bonwit Teller is showing a becoming modification of the French shoe, which Miss Shirley wears with her summer dresses

Palm Beach hats are mostly of silk ribbon construction, or basket-weave straw with applications of brilliantly colored flowers. A broadcloth manteau, swinging in Toreador fashion from the shoulders, over a foundation of blue chiffon which clutches together in front, is decidedly new in the way of a wrap



Maurice Goldberg

Miss Shirley is particularly keen on the frock illustrated above. Wild rose this side, one of the season's most appealing fabrics, resembling eponge, forms a simple one piece bodice and gathered skirt in coat effect, over white handkerchief linen. The linen forms a collar and panel down the front and around the bottom of the gown, appearing again daintily as turn-back cuffs. White embroidery makes a smart decoration on the over-dress, with drawn-work insertion finishing the wide hem. A girlish hat of white grosgrain silk, rolling softly from the face, depends upon beauty of workmanship and piquant lines, for effectiveness.



PARIS EN DISHABILLÉ

"FROM THE WAISTLINE UP THERE IS BUT A FRACTION MORE THAN NOTHING AT ALL FOR EVENING WEAR, AND ONLY A WEE BIT 'EN PLUS' FOR THE DAY"

By HOWARD GREER

I WAS eavesdropping at Pacquin's the other day, incognito as it were, passing as the son, brother, husband of what-not-relative of a fashionable woman from Chicago. Pacquin has done more than her share this season for the hip-movement in costumes. Morning frocks, afternoon dresses, evening robes—all carry a sea of furbelows and flounces over each hip. One creation after another waddled past and the woman from Chicago began to sigh and twist the long chain of her lorgnette about her fingers. At last she broke forth in an injured tone:

"Now I can't see why I shouldn't wear one of those billowy things as well as the next person. After all, they're so absolutely artificial that once I had them on I doubt if one could tell whether I was all hips or all frock. I'm sure they make one look slender."

Unfortunately, the woman's hips in their present state need no accentuation or extension and the best camouflage is none at all. But she had argued it "pro" and "con" with herself in a remarkably short space of time and two minutes later she had given her order for the hippiest dress of the lot. It was of blue serge and black satin. Several seasons ago no one would have dreamed of shirring tier upon tier of this material and allowing it to flare out and ripple away from the belt, but now no one gives the thing a second thought. After all,

A smart morning dress of blue serge, with tie and girdle of black satin. The gilet is of cream and silver brocade while the criss-cross lines upon the sleeves and skirt are meant to show the placing of tiny strips of patent leather.

WITH the opening of the Salon d'Automne at the Grand Palais, the return of Mary Garden in a new opera, the inauguration of the Isba Russe at the Theatre des Champs Elysées and the appearance of the one and only Spinnely in a sparkling revue—all in a week's time—Paris begins to be Paris again. Through them all runs a perceptible streak of artistic Bolshevism. And as to fashions! Not even a woman could ask for more inconsistency in clothes than is to be found in this season's varying mode. One wonders what the couturiers are going to do when the summer approaches. From the waistline up there is but a fraction more than nothing at all for evening wear and only a wee bit "en plus" for the day. From the knee on down Nature takes care of herself. Now that Milady has learned to rouge her knee-cap as well as the lobes of her ears there is sufficient excuse for such short reasoning.

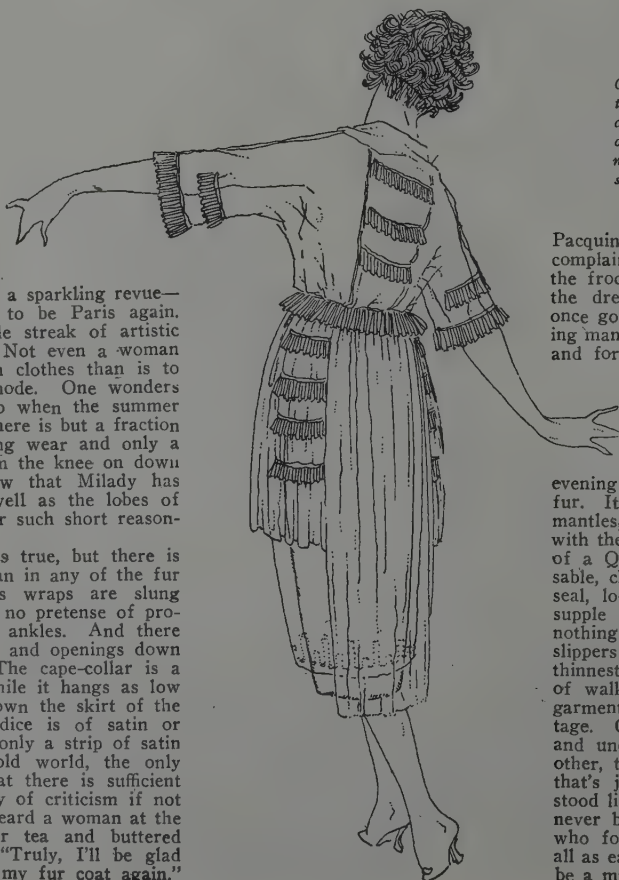
Cloaks and capes are of fur, it is true, but there is more warmth in a simple tailleur than in any of the fur coats. While these huge shapeless wraps are slung carelessly about the body they make no pretense of protecting the throat, the arms or the ankles. And there are all sorts of unexpected transoms and openings down the front and under the sleeves. The cape-collar is a popular but impractical feature. While it hangs as low as the waist and from that point down the skirt of the coat is made of fur, the under-bodice is of satin or brocade. If one goes dancing with only a strip of satin between the flesh and the cold, cold world, the only derivable comfort is in knowing that there is sufficient style to protect one from the cruelty of criticism if not from the bitterness of draughts. I heard a woman at the Hotel Meurice whispering over her tea and buttered brioche to a friend not long ago, "Truly, I'll be glad when it gets warm enough to wear my fur coat again."



It's not the lady who is absurd—it's you if you fail to see the line as Callot Soeurs sees it. It is of rose satin—what there is of it—garnished with the fluffiest of rose plumes.

(Center)

Occasionally there is a lady's frock among the collections. Here is one of silver cloth, silver net overdress and still another and shorter overdress of more silver net. The ruffles are of palest turquoise silk and look like bits of mother-of-pearl upon a crystal sea.



Pacquin has made the decree; what chance has any complaint from a mere outsider? The bodice of the frock was simple, and so were the sleeves but the dress simply couldn't contain itself after it once got under the belt. Beginning with unassuming manner the gathered layers of serge folded back and forth across the hips for a turn or two, and then shot away to the hem in a perfect cloud of fullness. The edges of the frills were unhemmed and cut in a jagged pattern like the pink paper that used to hang from the pantry shelves.

Interspersed with the day frocks and evening gowns was an occasional cloak or scarf of fur. It was always the same girl who wore these mantles, a lithe, willowy creature who moved about with the condescending grace and Patrician hauteur of a Queen smiling upon her subjects. Coats of sable, chinchilla, castor, ermine, kolinsky, mole and seal, loose shapeless masses that clung about her supple figure in alluring lines. True, she wore nothing beneath them but a pair of stockings, slippers and a knee-length sleeveless jumper of the thinnest grey charmeuse, but she just had a knack of walking beautifully and draping the luxurious garments so that they showed to a supreme advantage. One rather expects a mannequin to writhe and undulate, to rear one shoulder and drop the other, to drag one foot languidly in the rear, but that's just where all the trouble begins. If she stood like a soldier at attention her garments would never be copied for those tired slaves of Fashion who follow her movements eagerly and fancy it's all as easy as falling asleep. Her frock or suit may be a miserable looking garment suspended from its

wardrobe hanger, which takes upon itself no personality until properly worn, when it becomes an ally of her charm, mood, color and movement.

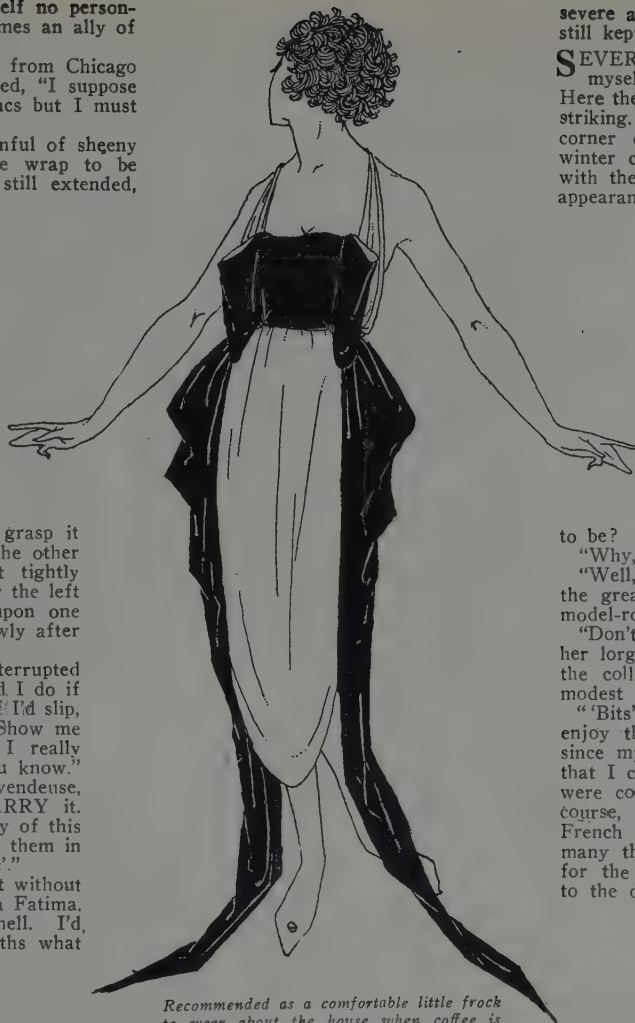
I knew it was coming. The woman from Chicago beckoned to her vendeuse and whispered, "I suppose that Kolinsky coat costs a million francs but I must try it on. May I?"

The coat was brought to her, an armful of sheeny fur. She held out her arms for the wrap to be slipped on and then, with her hands still extended, she stepped to the mirror for the pleasant surprise that she felt must be in store for her. She might just as well have been adorned in sackcloth. There was no richness, no line, no charm, not the slightest trace of distinction. Not that she could not carry fur as well as any other, but she hadn't caught the trick of proper manipulation. The vendeuse saw trouble ahead and hastened to say:

"Oh, but Madame is not wearing it correctly. She must throw the collar back from the throat on the left side and grasp it on the right with the left hand; with the other hand she must draw the lower part tightly around her body and hold it thusly over the left thigh. Madame must tilt her head upon one side, sway her figure, pull one foot slowly after the other—"

"Ah, yes, that's all very well," interrupted the lady from Chicago, "but what would I do if I had to run to catch a bus? Or what if I'd slip, or decide to carry home a package? Show me where the hooks and buttons are. I really might have to WEAR it sometime, you know." "Of course," agreed the suave little vendeuse, "but Madame must learn how to CARRY it. There are no buttons or hooks upon any of this winter's cloaks. It is the mode to hold them in place. That is the secret of their 'chic'."

As though I had discovered the secret without any aid I gave a gasp and drew forth a Fatima. There was the whole thing in a nutshell. I'd been wondering for the past two months what



Recommended as a comfortable little frock to wear about the house when coffee is being served. A back view isn't necessary, all the dress is in front. Pomegranite taffeta loops itself over the bodice, and then falls in pannier effect upon a draped skirt of gold metal-cloth. A wisp of the gold cloth goes over the shoulders and is held in place at the back by a string of diamonds.



quin takes blue, shirs and ruffles over the hips, fluffs above the belt and gets 'chic' and. The sleeves are with their bands black moirée holding to the bare wrist.

the actual design of this winter's "manteaux" looked like but they'd always been clutched so tightly around the wearer that my spying had been unrewarded. One simply has to wriggle around clutching at the outer garment, or there was no style at all.

The woman from Chicago sighed again and again and began to memorize the manual of arms. She went through a number of gyrations and twice I thought she'd slip, but at length she got on to most of the instructions and the difference in effect was astonishing. She was quite as chic as the mannequin had been, though she didn't look greatly at ease. She, too, was delighted with the change—until she took her first step and then she found herself confronted with a new series of combinations. She got past the mirror once, and was on her return trip, when her strength began to fail. It was the supreme sacrifice but she had to make it. Her arms dropped limply at her sides, and again the fur was but a sack of meaningless folds.

"Of course, I can't go around town all winter holding the thing in place," she expostulated. "Isn't there something you can do?"

The vendeuse shrugged her shoulders as only a French vendeuse can shrug them. There was nothing more to be said and but little more to be done.

The salon was crowded with American women. I remember but one French woman among the many Americans, English, Spanish and Italians. All of them seemed very much at home and not at all displeased with the furbelow frocks and the clutch cloaks. Most of them were smoking, toying with long colored holders and tapping ashes upon the thick velvet carpets. In a far corner sat Fannie Ward, the cinema star, selecting a set of frocks for a new film. Her simple blue serge frock must have come from Redfern. No other dressmaker could have given her so

severe a line, so tailored a cut, so high a collar and still kept it smart.

SEVERAL days after the episode at Pacquin's I found myself lounging upon a cushioned divan at Jenny's. Here there is another note, quite as absurd, even more striking. Madame Jenny might have stood at the corner of the Flatiron building and designed her winter collection. And her models must have stood with their backs to the wind. All of them have the appearance of having been blown into the room. All

sign of fullness is in the front and one wonders how they can walk rapidly enough to keep up with the slant of their garments. It must have been a ruthless wind for it blew all sign of the back away. Once in a while a lonesome string of beads wanders down the spine and attaches itself to the first sign of material—upon the hips—but if it weren't for that string o' beads there would be no support for the two diminutive points in front which go to make up the bodice "toute entière."

When the first evening gown of the collection wandered into the salon I arose and said rather hastily to the woman from Chicago, "Are you sure I'm where I ought

to be? Because if I'm not I can wait outside—?"

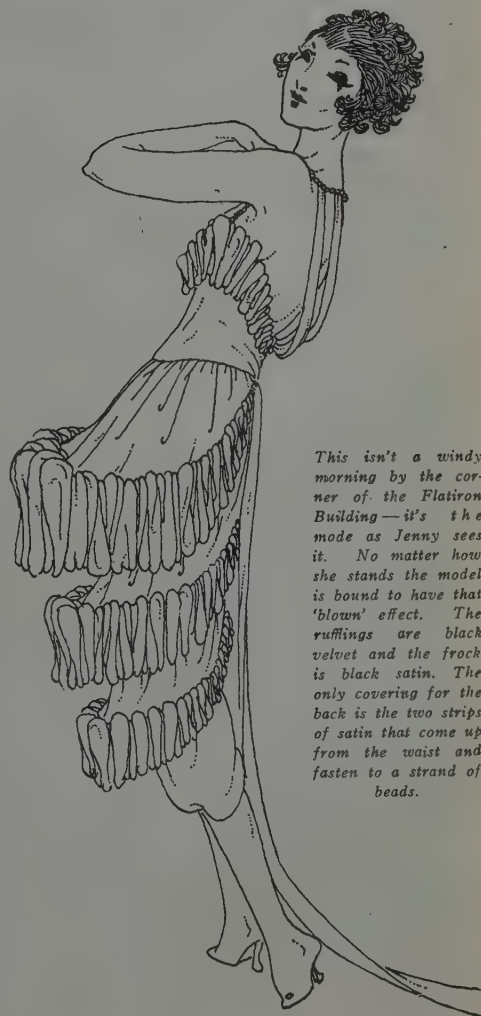
"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "I have a delicate suspicion that the greater part of that dress has been left in the model-room."

"Don't be absurd," she murmured, not once lowering her lorgnette from the shocking creation. "I've seen the collection before and this is one of the most modest bits."

"Bits' is good," thought I, and settled down to enjoy the fashions. I haven't seen so much back since my last matinée at the Winter Garden. Now that I come to think of it I believe the chorus girls were comparatively modest mannequins at that. Of course, the clothes are stunning—stunning as only French daring can make them, but I can imagine so many things happening to take the joy out of life, for the woman who goes out in society undressed to the degree that Jenny insists upon.

(Concluded on page 54)



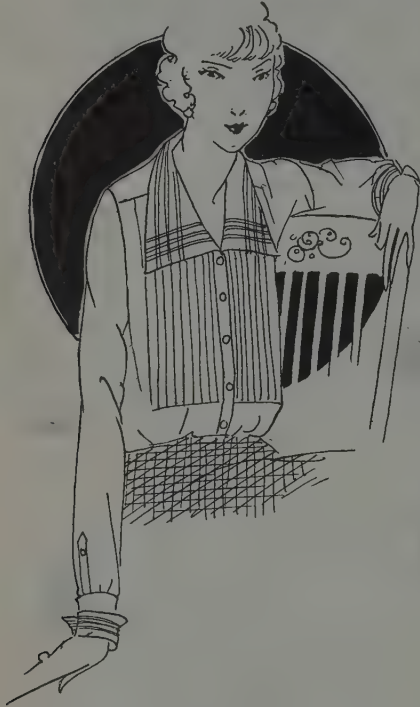
This isn't a windy morning by the corner of the Flatiron Building—it's the mode as Jenny sees it. No matter how she stands the model is bound to have that 'blown' effect. The ruffings are black velvet and the frock is black satin. The only covering for the back is the two strips of satin that come up from the waist and fasten to a strand of beads.

SOMETHING NEW IN SHOPS

By ANGELINA



WE had a small discussion over the tea-cups the other afternoon. One of those if-you-were-stranded-on-a-desert island-and-could-have-only-two-books-which-would-they-be sort of thing! Prudence started it. "If someone told you that you could have but one costume a season, what would you choose?" she posed. We squabbled amicably over the



A tailored blouse of white washable satin, in a heavy, lustrous quality, with the perfection of alignment in the tucks that trim its collar and cuffs and form the little vest in front. The cuffs are made to fit. Need I say more? Oh, yes, that it's astonishingly reasonable in price

question. "I should have a black satin and a..." said one. "I should have a black velvet and a..." interrupted another. But we came to no majority agreement. Except that we did all pounce on Sally jointly, screaming with derision, when she said her choice would be for a one-piece dress and long coat, because then you could wear the coat with other things. "What other things, idiot," we pleasantly cried, "since you are to have but one?"

My vote was for the tailleur. I have always maintained, and so I asserted: "If I had a tailor-suit I could go anywhere, even into the orchestra stalls at the Opera on Monday evenings. I qualify that. A smart and well-made tailleur, I should have said, smart and well-made not being necessarily the same thing. One can be well-made without being smart, and vice versa. (I'm sure certain royal families, for instance, have their tailor suits made with the perfection of finish and yet their effect is as dull as dishwater). With the suit I should have two smart



It is no longer that an Angora scarf is smart just because it is an Angora scarf. Now fashion demands that a scarf live up to a very high ideal. Such as this one, for example, of light brown Angora striped with white, as voluminous and enfolding as all outdoors

blouses, thus getting more variety than with a one-piece frock, and keep fresher, too. "You couldn't go to a dance," piped up Sally. "Perhaps I could, better than you, with my extra blouse," I retorted.

However, be that as it may, and whatever our diverse choices, one thing we all felt the same about. Whether suit, or frock, or cape, or coat, the costume, it was agreed, must be a tailored one.

"Sally, p'tite chatte," I said as we were departing, "you ought to have voted for a suit, you shake such a wicked one yourself. It's a duck you have on. Where?"

"I've found a wonderful place" began Sally, "not only for suits, but for everything tailored. But probably you know about it already." (No, curiously enough, I didn't). "It's just been going this season" Sally explained. "Would you like me to take you there, tomorrow? I'm going to purchase some sweaters." That arranged itself, as the French might say.

SALLY'S shop was on Fifth: and Sally persona grata with the management. So that besides the sweaters (for which see the sketch below) we were shown everything, suits, coats, one-piece frocks, blouses, sport skirts, scarves. Everything strictly tailored, and nothing carried that did not come under that head. Everything



No, this is not a picture-puzzle, representing two large rivers in China. But one of the new short sweaters, that can roll up into over-night-bag size; and two bits of detail, a pocket flap and a seam finishing taken from a suit, showing the characteristic tailored workmanship that is expended on the garments of this shop.

beautifully tailored, I should add. I became as enthusiastic as Sally. All the details "that make a difference" were carefully looked to. Lining of soft Pussy-willow silks (the lining the world now agrees) guaranteed to wear a season: snugness of fit in collar and armholes (that most important of all details): gay little pockets:



A sports jacket featuring a novel idea that makes it wearable all the year round. It is of soft biscuit-colored polo cloth, with collar and pockets of nutria that are detachable, the collar being simply catch-stitched on, and the pockets buttoning over pockets of the material.

meticulous buttonholes: chic finishings of seams with braid, or pipings, or silken arrows.

The blouses—only tailored ones, remember—were the nicest possible. More like French blouses, in their perfection, than any I have seen in this country. Made of flesh and white washable satins and "crepes" in wonderful, lustrous materials of much body, with ideal buttonholes and seams, with little tucks or lines of hemstitching that were the pink of perfection. With cuffs, wonderful to relate, that gave every appearance of having been made with some regard to the size of a feminine wrist. How one has suffered from the usual ready-to-wear sleeve, and its cuff, always having to be made over to fit. If one needed any further recommendation for the quality of these garments, that detail in itself would suffice.

(If you would like to learn from Angelina where this smart "tailored" shop may be found, write her, care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City.)



-IN SOUTHERN WEAR
-warm southern skies-air fragrant with
tropical blossoms-a wardrobe replete with
1920 FAN-TA-SI
attire-all contribute to the perfect Southern holiday.
"1920 FAN-TA-SI"-new in construction-weave
-color-has become over night the recognized
fabric for "Week-End" and Southern Wear.

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"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear
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"Moon-glo" for Everywear

Sole Maker

J. A. Miguel

422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

1920 FAN-TA-SI A MIGEL SILK

PARIS EN DISHABILLÉ

(Continued from Page 51)



A boudoir cap of lace, roses, and taffeta. Streamers of shell pink, blue and mauve.



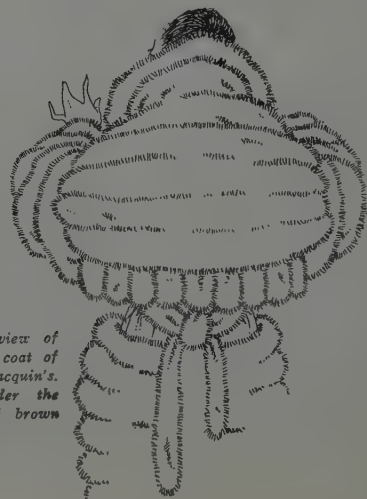
This lady, tea-ing at the Ritz, had any amount of individuality in her blue serge frock with its silver buttons, which wasn't content with buttoning all the way up the front to the top of the collar, but started all over again, and buttoned itself together down the length of the sleeves.



Madame Jenny herself wanders about her establishment in a frilled frock of brown satin, and wears over it a thick coat of velvet in the same tone.

MADAME Jenny herself, unlike most of the designing geniuses, mingles freely among her clientele. Oddly enough though, the rooms were stifling, Madame Jenny was gowned in heavy brown satin, a simple short frock with frills down the sides of the skirt, over it she wore a thick, three-quarter coat of brown velvet. A big square collar fell away from the neck and a strip of vivid red leather marked the belt. I've been wondering since if ever, and in what temperature, Madame Jenny goes about in her own backless fashion! The last of the private showings was that of Lucile's. Whether deliberate or accidental, this opening, because of its tardiness, was a great relief and contrast to the mad, hectic exhibitions of Parisian couturiers that have preceded it. There was no attempt at exploiting "style" in line or fabric. There were simply beautiful clothes for gentlewomen.

IN the front row at the exhibition was her Ladyship, Elinor Glyn and Elsie de Wolfe. No hat in the assemblage of mannequins or spectators was more "chic" than the one worn by Lady Duff Gordon. A band of sable was wrapped about a toque of black satin and from the crown shot a veritable fountain of ospray. Her frock was a simple black satin affair, relieved by countless ropes of pearls, with only a tiny Pekingese and her lacquer-red hair giving a touch of color to the ensemble. Mrs. Glyn wore a heavy coat of tan wool, with a huge cape-collar of gray and blue plaid in the same material, and a wide fringe hanging from the edge. Her hat was of untrimmed, crushed felt. Over a belted long jersey of knitted maroon silk, Miss de Wolfe wore a fur of silver fox, lined with ermine, while her small hat was of grey and black feathers.



The uppermost view of a very intricate coat of kolinsky from Pacquin's. The bodice under the cape-collar is of brown satin.

THE SUPREME
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Empire
Loomcraft
SILKS

Be sure to look for the name on the selvage, or the label in the shirts. Send for book of new patterns. Empire Silk Co. 315 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WILLYS KNIGHT

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Improves with Use"



WHAT would you do in case of engine trouble?"

"I don't know," says the owner of a Willys-Knight, "I've never had any."

For example: During the four years just ending, a Willys-Knight car owned by a Western business man, was driven more than 58,000 miles. In all that time he never once needed to open the motor.

In that record, there is nothing surprising to other Willys-Knight owners.

They all know that their engines are the one type that *improve* with use.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio
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126 West 42d Street

New York



The
VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



EVERY so often someone bobs up in print and wantonly wastes good white paper space with a diatribe against the use of cosmetics, particularly against powder. "Powder is injurious to the skin; it clogs up the pores; it makes the skin break out; it does this; it does that, and patati and patata."

All of which is perfectly absurd, and flies in the face of every evidence to the contrary. Yet certain poor dears, whose complexions happen at the moment to be out of gear will fall into the trap of such statements. Thoughtlessly they agree, "Yes, of course, it must be powder that's bad for my skin." Whereat they leave off using it, and their last estate becomes worse than their first. For in a few instances it may be the *kind* of powder that is doing damage—that we are willing to grant—but never the principle of powdering itself.

Could you have any better vindicator of powder, we ask you, than the actress, both screen and stage? Who has a lovelier complexion than she, a complexion that can stand the scrutiny of the day as well as the foot-light? That lasts her, too, into old age? And who is obliged to use more powder, especially the moving-picture star, who must sometimes spend whole days in a liquid powder mask.

We have just received, at first hand, a bit of corroborative evidence on this subject that we think most interesting. A young chemist recently returned from several years in the East tells us that out in the Malay Peninsula the faces of the native children are regularly given a coating of liquid powder to preserve them from the sun. Even the small boys up to the age of eight or nine wear this powder. And the result of such protection is seen in the beautiful skins of the Malays, fine-grained, and soft, and smooth.

We repeat, it is not powder in itself that is harmful, though the kind you use may be. There is such a lot you ought to know about powder all around. Did you know, for example, that if you have a greasy skin you should use one kind of powder? And if a sensitive, dry, skin another? And that a certain famous beauty specialist has scientifically worked out powders for each condition? Do you know whether you need to use a liquid powder as a foundation before the dry? And if so, have you found the one that not only agrees with your skin hygienically, but will give it a natural appearance? Liquid powders are rather precarious, and if employed should always be those made by someone of established authority. But that holds true equally for every other kind. And do you know what these "other" authoritative loose powders are?

Do you know, as well, the proper shade for your skin, for daytime and for evening? Do you know the proper method of applying powder, —with a powder puff made of the finest Australian wool, that comes sterilized in a little package so that no hand touches it before yours. (These puffs which have a special name of their own are in six sizes.)

Finally, do you know of the latest Parisian craze for olive coloring, which blondes equally with brunettes, are adopting, the tendency being to accentuate feminine charms by an Oriental atmosphere. A French firm puts up a set to produce this Oriental transformation, a "*rouge gras*," that diffuses softly into the skin and will not come off; a "*nuance*" to go over that; and last of all, a loose powder, all in these new Hindu shades, and all exquisitely perfumed.

(A more detailed description of these new Oriental powders, as well as the others, liquid and dry, mentioned; also the name of the special powder puff, and where found, we shall be glad to send on inquiry of *The Vanity Box*, 6 East 39th St., New York City.)

"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature—or Sex, if you will have it that way. What more repellent than an effeminate man? A hairy woman, you say? Probably so! For I can conjure no ruder shock to silent admiration of seeming exquisiteness than a fleeting glimpse of under-arm, or suggestion of tousled capitivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking." From "The Sketches of a Nomad."



Now — a new way to remove hair!

AND WITHOUT SLIGHTEST DANGER,
TO THE SKIN OR COMPLEXION!

THERE is a new way to remove hair. A scientifically correct, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice definitely without place.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, Science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation—without injury!

WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an antiseptic cream-lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or mussing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—rinsed away. *And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!*

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, NEET is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors

are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

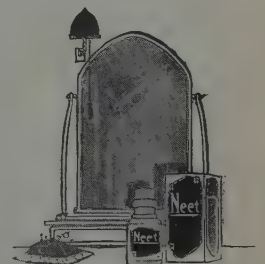
Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings, or the most open-and-above-board sort of evening gown, without a single misgiving!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all Department, and Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for \$1.00. In Canada: Small, 65c; Large, \$1.25.

Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size—or \$1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked package.



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The Non-irritant Depilatory

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For the enclosed 50c. send NEET to
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Ten Personal Questions

DO YOU KNOW

Why your eyes seem to become smaller as you grow older?

That the seven kinds of wrinkles do not result from age, but (save in one exceptional case) from long-continued carelessness?

Why there are usually more wrinkles around the left eye than the right?

What causes the mouth to acquire a droop at the corners?

The underlying reason for blackheads and skin blemishes?

Why the chin "breaks" as a woman reaches middle age?

What causes liver spots and moth patches?

Why a scrawny neck is never white?

To what type of beauty you belong?

Why the veins on the hands become noticeable with age?

ELIZABETH ARDEN analyzes these things and many others that concern the appearance in the Home Course which she has arranged for women who cannot come to her Salon. To have an intelligent understanding of the causes of physical defects is a great help in overcoming them. Elizabeth Arden will tell you how to avoid and correct unsightly conditions so that you will be permanently benefited. Her system is thorough and efficient, laying the foundation for better health as well as beauty.

To learn more about the famous Arden methods by which you can transform your appearance, send today for booklet about the *HOME COURSE*.

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

THESE incomparable Preparations are described in a booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful." Every woman should keep a copy for reference—send for it to-day. Following are some of the most important preparations. Mark those you wish and mail with your address and cheque or money order; please include 4% War Tax, also postage if order is under \$10. Address Elizabeth Arden at her New York Salon, Dept. 14.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM—The first step in any treatment is to cleanse the skin thoroughly and render it soft and receptive with this cream. Since it liquefies when applied, no skin-stretching rubbing is necessary. \$1, \$2 and \$3.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC—Should be used after the Cleansing Cream. A mild astringent, it tones, whitens, and refines the skin, making it brilliantly fresh and clear. Checks enlarging pores. \$1.75, \$3.25.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT—A rejuvenating tonic which firms sagging muscles, reduces puffiness under the eyes and by gradually tightening the skin, eliminates deep wrinkles. Made of imported herbs. \$3.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL—Nothing is so effective for banishing lines and wrinkles as this splendid muscle strengthener. It nourishes and revitalizes sagging tissues and makes the flesh firm and smooth. \$1, \$2.25, \$4.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM—An infallible remedy for enlarged pores and blackheads. Restores smoothness and delicateness of texture to the coarsest skin. \$1.

VENETIAN AMORETTA CREAM—A delightfully fragrant day cream to use before powdering. It keeps the skin soft and smooth and protects it from exposure. \$1 and \$2.

VENETIAN ADONA CREAM—If you are somewhat thin for décolleté, you will find this a sure means to round out the contours and increase the beauty of neck, bust and shoulders. \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50.

POUDRE D'ILLUSION gives the skin a peach-like bloom. Inimitable in color and quality; exquisitely perfumed. \$2.75.

VENETIAN ROSE COLOR—A beneficial liquid rouge that duplicates nature in its fresh, delicate tone. Waterproof, does not rub off. \$1, \$2.

SAVON KENOTT—A famous Parisian dentifrice which purifies and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath and is delicious in taste and fragrance. Box, \$1.

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Branches: Boston, Washington, San Francisco
Detroit, Palm Beach, Newport

THE DRAMA 'MOVEMENT' IN THE CHURCH

(Continued from Page 38)

the cessation of a plague. Not having civil authority to assist, the decree of our few dissenting bishops was not entirely effective and in their respective dioceses there were more exceptions than in the historical precedent.

THE most common objection was to the presentation within the chancel of the church.

But in the parishes where the pageant was presented in the chancel everyone present was tremendously impressed, not alone by the educational value but also by the religious atmosphere which permeated the entire performance. One prominent rector stated: "The pageant was the most reverential thing my Sunday School has ever done. I was delighted with it." So generally were all who witnessed the pageant, and the vital point is that the Pageant has opened the way for a wider and more extensive use of dramatic teaching in the Church.

The pageant presented in this nation-wide way is a brief sketch consisting of a prologue and three episodes. It has been called a mystery play, but it is not that for it does not take its theme from the Bible. Nor is it a miracle play, for its characters are not from the saints of the church. It is rather a cross between a pageant and a morality play, for it is made up of progressive episodes, and it has allegorical personages for characters.

THE prologue opens with words from the Interpreter as follows: "Interpreter am I for that which presently will follow. I bid you to sincerity and reverence even beyond the usual, that we may indeed be taught of God a special lesson of our duty and our opportunity in this day of days, wherein we live."

"This is the theme of the allegory now to begin:—The City of God is slowly being builded by its workmen, who are the Church. But how slow is that city-building! The city should be four-square, with open gates and room for all who need its shelter, its beauty and its spacious life. But how meagre is our plan, and how circumscribed is our endeavor! You shall see the workmen taking but a half-earned rest; fed with the Bread and Wine of Self-Content, by Complacency and her kindred ideals. Even the 'Master-workmen' of the city eat of this bread and drink this cup, content with far too petty things."

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

HACKETT and Barrientos sing "E il Sol dell' Amina," the great duet of the Duke and Gilda from Verdi's *Rigoletto* this month. Hackett's famous tenor makes the Duke's pleading a thing of seductive beauty, and Barrientos' soprano is rarely beautiful as she swings into the song.

Percy Grainger, the pianist and composer, plays three solos, Schwarwenka's "Polish Dance in E Flat Minor," Greig's "To the Springtime" and "One More Day, My John," a sailor's chantey by Grainger himself.

"To them all come forth the Challenge Bringers, to spur them to new vigor. The Spirit-of-the-Nation Wide Campaign voices the summons to a nobler, swifter building of the city. In the great congregation come seeking 'Glad-Consecration' and 'Venture-for-God.' Shall these be found in our midst? You shall say."

"Harken! The Choir of Confident Hope sings of the City of God."

THE dramatic possibilities of the pageant are readily seen and one can realize the significant effect its presentation could and did have on the large number of people who crowded the churches in all parts of the nation to see it.

That the pageant could be so successfully presented is due to its creators, Rev. Phillips E. Osgood, vicar of the Chapel of the Mediator in Philadelphia, and Rev. George Long, executive secretary of the Province of the Midwest. They collaborated on the theme and each prepared a version of it.

The earliest efforts for the creation of an appreciation of dramatic possibilities in church work are to be credited to Mrs. Marie J. Hobart, who has done perhaps more than anyone else in this field. Her first mystery play for church presentation was prepared for and presented by the Catechism Class of 1905 at St. Agnes Chapel, New York.

In the several years following this initial effort, religious plays sprang up spontaneously all over the country and these various and stimulating efforts created within the church a distinct movement which called for a medium of expression. To meet this need the Board of Mission created in 1911 an educational department under the direction of Rev. Arthur Gray. A section devoted to pageantry was under the leadership of Miss Margaret J. Hobart, who devoted several years to the development of dramatic effort within the Church. The work of this department has since been largely absorbed by the Council on Church Drama and Pageantry of the General Board of Religious Education. Under their auspices religious drama is making tremendous strides and innumerable churches throughout the land are the lessons of the great festivals are being presented dramatically just as they were centuries ago when the church was really the "nursing mother" of the drama.

The first is a melodious mixture of blitheness and pathos, and the second is a well-known, general favorite. Grainger plays them all with consummate art.

"Canta Pe' Me" is one of those Neapolitan ballads which Riccardo Stracciari, native Italian opera star, sings so well. Its theme is the pleading of a Neapolitan lover to his sweetheart to sing while he accompanies her. Stracciari's rendering of this simple ballad for Columbia records this month gives all of its beauty—*Adv.*



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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from Page 21)

CENTURY. "APHRODITE," Play by Pierre Frondale and George C. Hazelton, founded on the novel of Pierre Louys. Music by Henri Desvries and Anselm Goetzl. Produced on Dec. 1, with this cast:

Timon	Frederick Macklyn
Phraïlas	Richard Hale
Horatius	Mayne Linton
Naukrates	Etienne Girardot
Theoxenes	Robert Ayrton
Bubastic	William McNeil
Berenike	Hazel Alden
Officer of the Guard	Nikolai Glovatski
Demetrios	McKay Morris
Ampelis	Rita Gould
Myrtis	Annette Bade
Rhodocleia	Carolyn Nunder
Bacchys	Maude Odell
Chrysis	Dorothy Dalton
Aphrodite	Mildred Walker
Jester	Henry Cline
Chimeris	Lucille La Verne
Aphrodasia	Mlle. Dazie

TO those who paid almost any price to be among those present at the première of "Aphrodite" (\$11 per seat) expecting to be shocked by the such heralded and almost nude spectacle, the production must have proved somewhat of a disappointment. But to those who really looked for an artistic production it was a real treat. As a spectacle "Aphrodite" is gorgeous.

Money was spent lavishly and the combination of managers and stage directors may be proud of their achievement. As staged originally at the Renaissance in Paris, it was, as we are told, very broad. The translation, however, is so toned down, that if it were not for the almost undressed Greek courtesans it would suggest nothing more than an oriental pageant.

"Aphrodite" is sure to be a potent box office attraction. But it is certainly not an addition to our dramatic literature. Were it not for the wonderful costuming and the dances arranged by Fokine it would be a gorgeous spectacle.

To Dorothy Dalton was entrusted the rôle of Chrysis and indeed she was the surprise of the evening. Not only is she beautiful, but her acting and diction are all that can be desired. Her success may in time decide her to abandon the screen. McKay Morris as Demetrios was a worthy partner. It would be unfair not to mention among the others Mayne Linton, Etienne Girardot, Rita Gould and Maude Odell.

COMEDY. "MY LADY FRIENDS," Farce comedy in three acts by Emil Nyitray and Frank Mandel. Produced on Dec. 3, with this cast:

Catherine Smith	Mona Kingsley
Eva Johns	June Walker
Hilda	Rae Bowdin
Lucille Early	
Theresa Maxwell Conover	
Edward Early	Frank Morgan
James Smith	Clifton Crawford
Tom Trainor	Robert Fiske
Norah	Edith King
Gwendolyn	Jane Warrington
Julia	Jessie Nagle

OF the many plays seen on Broadway this season, none has been more cordially welcomed or evoked so many spontaneous laughs as this delightful farce.

It has to do with a man who from a modest beginning has become rich. He and his wife had agreed to save until they had accumulated at least

\$200,000. This amount has long been passed, but she still insists on saving. He, however, wishes to see life and gets into an imbroglia with three women. But why attempt to spoil what is in store?

What shall I say of Clifton Crawford except that he is today one of the best, if not the best comedian on the American stage. The supporting cast was equally good. And may I add a word for a charming ingenue, June Walker, who not only acted well but sang charmingly.

LYRIC. "THE ROSE OF CHINA," Musical comedy in three acts, by Guy Bolton, lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, music by Armand Vecsey. Produced on Nov. 25, with this cast:

Ling Tao	Jane Richardson
Tommy Tilford	Oscar Shaw
Wilson Peters	Frank McIntyre
Polly Baldwin	Cecil Cunningham
Friest	Leo Dwyer
Chung	Thos. E. Jackson
Grace Hobson	Cynthia Perot
Mrs. Hobson	Edna May Oliver

"THE Rose of China" is dull entertainment. But Guy Bolton, the author of the book, has so many victories to his credit, that he need not worry if once in a while he falls below the standard.

The story deals with a young Chinese girl who loses caste through being kissed publicly. Her lover, a young American, agrees to marry her according to the Chinese custom although he is already engaged to an American girl. Strange to relate she also visits China and finding that her fiancé is really in love with a Chinese maid she agrees to release him.

We have had an epidemic of thrillers. Are we to have now an epidemic of Chinese plays? This is the third one on Broadway—the others being "East is West" and "The Son Daughter."

THEATRE PARISIEN. Welcome is the French Theatre within our gates. It would hardly be fair to pass judgment merely on their initial production. Suffice it to say that the director is feeling the public pulse. Prior to his coming to New York, his judgment had to be based on the previous record of the French Theatre in New York, which, owing to the selection of the plays, did not attract the public.

M. Casadesus, therefore, should be given ample time. His first production was "Main Gauche," a very light comedy which ran successfully in Paris. It is decidedly Gallic in flavor, but nevertheless will not offend the American public, as the entire cast is in very competent hands.

The programme also consisted of a delightful one act operetta "Chonchette." Here again the Frenchman shows his versatility, for some of the members of the company who had appeared in the comedy were heard again in singing rôles.

M. Casadesus is a real artist and a great many of our American actors might do well to copy from him. The singing and acting of Lucienne Dubrennes was a delight.

Maillard

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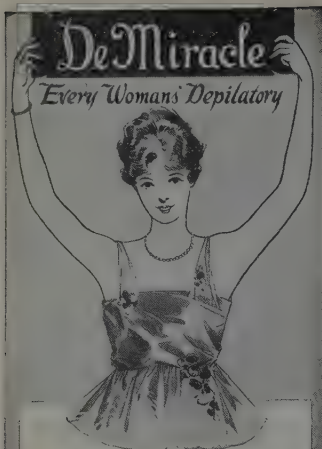


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TRIBULATIONS

(Continued from page 8)

however, and in the emergency a small red hassock which the management furnished for its juvenile patrons was substituted. The entire room was green, and this bit of red caught the actor's eye as he entered the room. His reply to the stage manager was to lift the hassock neatly and send it spinning out into the audience.

In "East Is West" there is a scene where Forrest Winant comes in with his pockets filled with presents for Fay Bainter. The most important of the presents is a book, and the situation depended upon it. Winant began to empty his pockets as usual during one performance, handing her peanuts, soap, etc.—"And then there is a book," he said, but the book was not there. He quickly added, "Which I forgot," and dashed off stage to get it.

In the "Wooing of Eve" Laurette Taylor figured in an episode which might have stopped the show, but it didn't. In the play Miss Taylor was supposed to make her appearance by rising from a couch, having been asleep. The back of the couch was toward the audience, which accordingly did not know it was occupied. At one performance Miss Taylor varied the monotony by falling asleep.

Franklyn Ardell's talent for comedy turned a stage wait in "The Crowded Hour" into the biggest laugh of the performance. The climax of the third act is reached when a bomb from an aeroplane strikes the house in which Jane Cowl, frantically operating a telephone switchboard, is trying to save a Division threatened with destruction. At the time Miss Cowl is calling "Soissons" on the 'phone, and that is the cue for the bomb to explode. The bomb exploded, but the house failed to collapse. Miss Cowl waited an agonizing second and again called "Soissons." Again the wait, and she was about to try the third time, when the voice of Ardell could be heard. "Never mind Soissons," he whispered. "Call 'em up back stage and find out what in the blazes is the matter."

MUSIC SEASON

(Continued from Page 38)

unusual praise for her ambitions and the way she gets about filling them.

Of the songs Sophie Braslau has our first obesance. She is a singer of attainments so large and adventurous that many older artists might go to school with her. Another artist to arouse controversies is Margeurite D'Alvarez, come from South America. Tragic dramatic interpreter who must be seen as well as heard to be appreciated.

Transcendental came Jascha Heifetz the violinist again. I never tire of this boy. When he is not playing a recital, he is giving inspiration by way of the phonograph.



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DIARY OF AN INGENUE

(Continued from page 38)

ied it, you little devil. Do you like me?"

"Only the kind my mother makes," answered.

"Um, yes. Sit down child—here, on my knee."

I struggled to free my hand.

"Come, don't be afraid of me!" He drew me down to his knee. I felt awkward and afraid.

"I'll put your name down here on my pad," he continued, "and you'll be one of the first to see Mr. ——— when he comes back to town."

"When is he coming?" I asked.

"Soon. You are twenty-one, you say?" He eyed me critically.

"Yes," I answered, trying to rise, while he held me down.

"Are you married?"

"No."

I was alarmed. I tried to rise. He put his arm around my waist.

"What kind of parts would you like to play?" he asked.

(To be concluded next month)

"Oh—Juliet, Annchen, Nora—lots," I answered nervously.

"Um—you ought to play them," he said, as he began to play with my broach.

I rose abruptly. He rose, too.

"I should love to play them," I stammered.

"Um, yes, my child. There!" He kissed me. How disgusting it was! He tried to look calm and repeated, "There!" as one does to an impatient child. I wanted to protest, but I was as if paralyzed. I could not speak; I could not move.

He pushed me gently to the door.

"You shall see him, my child. Don't worry those big, innocent eyes of yours. Good-night."

Before I knew it, I was on the other side of the door. I was bewildered, disgusted. "Like a big brother," he had said, and I, in my enthusiasm, had believed him.

When would I learn to know a hypocrite?

BELGIUM'S MYSTIC POET

(Continued from page 12)

of Dante's Francesca and Paolo, in "Pelléas and Mélisande." At no time was Maeterlinck farther away from humanity than then. He had found a mood, as Dunsany has found a mood, and it was then a question as to which was the stronger, the man or the mood. Certainly, his theories of the drama, which preached the obliteration of the actor, the uselessness of words, the coarseness of the theatre as a medium of interpretation, were well exemplified in his own execution. But in these early days, his writing did exhibit one remarkable characteristic: it revealed supernatural values, psychological effects, which literature had never before fully utilized.

For many years past, Maeterlinck has been often in Paris, but while here, as his researches will indicate, he has lost himself in the dark corners frequented by visionaries, sibyls and prophets, in his search

for that road which leads to the Future. Once upon a time he preached the philosophy of Destiny and Wisdom; then came his realization of the importance of the will, a discovery which affected his dramas—his earlier plays having characters peculiarly will-less—and now the problem of the future life, the penetration of the mystery of death, consumes his interest. We may rely that the third in the trilogy he is writing—"The Blue Bird" and "The Betrothal" being two—will embody some of his beliefs on this subject, as the recent volumes of his essays contain the evidence he has gathered as to the piercing of the clouds which separate us from the Unknown.

It is such a man who comes to us, persuaded by a lecture bureau to brave the storm of adulation. After it's all over, he may deplore his wisdom, and plame it all on his destiny—or on Mr. Pond, his manager!

OLD COMEDIES

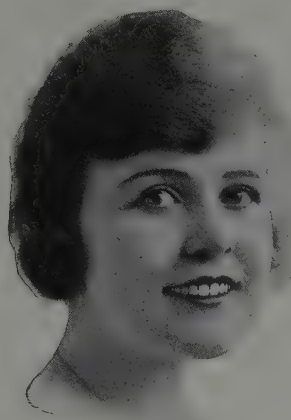
(Continued from page 28)

as constrained in our modern problem-plays composed for the picture-frame stage as the contemporary performers would be in the old comedies composed for the apron-stage. Perhaps one might go further and express a doubt whether our modern problem-plays themselves are really any more "natural," any freer from arbitrary artificiality, any closer to life itself, any richer in essential truth, than were the "old comedies" which now seem to us artificial and arbitrary because they do not adhere rigorously to the external facts of existence. Our modern problem-plays pride themselves on being up-to-date; and we

all know that nothing gets more swiftly out-of-date. It may very well come to pass that in the final quarter of this twentieth century, when the conditions of the theatre have been still further modified in ways we cannot foresee, that the best and most representative of the plays popular in the first quarter of this century will reveal themselves as archaic in method as are now the "old comedies" of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century. If that should come to pass, some contributor to this magazine in 1970 may be moved to inquire why the problem-play has been banished from the boards.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

HAVE you published the following illustrations from "The Merchant of Venice": Sir Herbert Tree as Shylock; Elsie Ferguson as Portia, and Millar's portrait of Ellen Terry as Portia?—R. E., Orfordville, Wis.

There is a full page of Sir Herbert Tree as Shylock in the June, 1916 number. This issue also contains a picture of Elsie Ferguson as Portia in a scene from "The Merchant of Venice." We have never printed the portrait of Ellen Terry by Millar.

IN what copies have you used pictures of Lieut. Gitz Rice and Ada Mae Weeks?—M. F., Portland, Ore.

There are several pictures and an article about Lieut. Gitz Rice in the August, 1918 number. The April, 1919 issue contains a picture of Ada Mae Weeks.

WHERE can I obtain a good photograph of Alan Dinehart? Have you used any articles or pictures concerning him in any other issue but the October, 1919?—O. R., Boston, Mass.

There is a splendid picture of Mr. Dinehart in the October, 1918 number. You can obtain an original photograph of him from Hartsook Studio, Los Angeles, Cal.

I HAVE written a three-act comedy.

The play needs to be rewritten. Can you give me the name of playwrights living in Los Angeles?—H. S. F., Los Angeles, Cal.

We do not know any playwright in Los Angeles who we could recommend to you, but we would advise you to write to William T. Price,

author of "The Technique of the Drama," 1440 Broadway, New York.

WHAT will Maude Adams appear in this season?—A. S., Madison, Wis.

Miss Adams has been ill, and no announcements concerning her next stage appearance have been made.

WHAT was the date and who appeared in the cast of the first production of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"? What are the titles and dates of production of the first plays in which Julia Sanderson and Marguerite Clark were seen?—M. J. G., Indianapolis, Ind.

William Gillette appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in 1903 in "The Admirable Crichton." Julia Sanderson made her first appearance on the stage at Philadelphia with the Forepaugh "stock" company, when a child. In 1903 she toured in "Winniesome Winnie" and in "A Chinese Honeymoon" in which she played Mrs. Pineapple. In 1904 she toured with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang." Marguerite Clarke first appeared on the stage at Baltimore in 1899, under the management of Milton Aborn. In 1900 she appeared at the Casino Theatre, New York, as understudy in "The Belle of Bohemia." In 1901 she appeared in "The Burgomaster" and at the Herald Square Theatre later that same year in "The New Yorkers."

GIVE me the names and addresses of the best dramatic schools.—L. S. N., Indianapolis, Ind.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Carnegie Hall, New York, is one of the best dramatic schools.

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GALLI-CURCI is seldom heard to such advantage as in the delightful, tender, capricious but brilliant music of Donizetti's Opera "Don Pasquale." On a new Victor Record she sings the famous introduction and cavatina from the first act of this sprightly musical romance of mock marriage, youthful love and senile foolishness. There are times when Galli-Curci's voice takes notes seemingly as pure and cool as the wind blown skies of winter and again has delicate staccato tones that rival the piccolo.

Geraldine Farrar, in a recent concert tour, stirred her audiences to great pitches of enthusiasm by sev-

eral new French songs. One of the most popular of these was "Sans Toi" (Without Thee) which she sings in one of the new January Victor Records. The song has a free and most graceful rhythm over which the singer's voice seems to float like the silver moon above tinkling waters.

There was bound to come a time when the aeroplane would begin to rival the motor car in popular songs as a vehicle for joy riders. "Wait Till You Get Them Up in the Air, Boys," is one of these songs sung by Billie Murray on a new Victor Record. The song is a wonder.—Advt.

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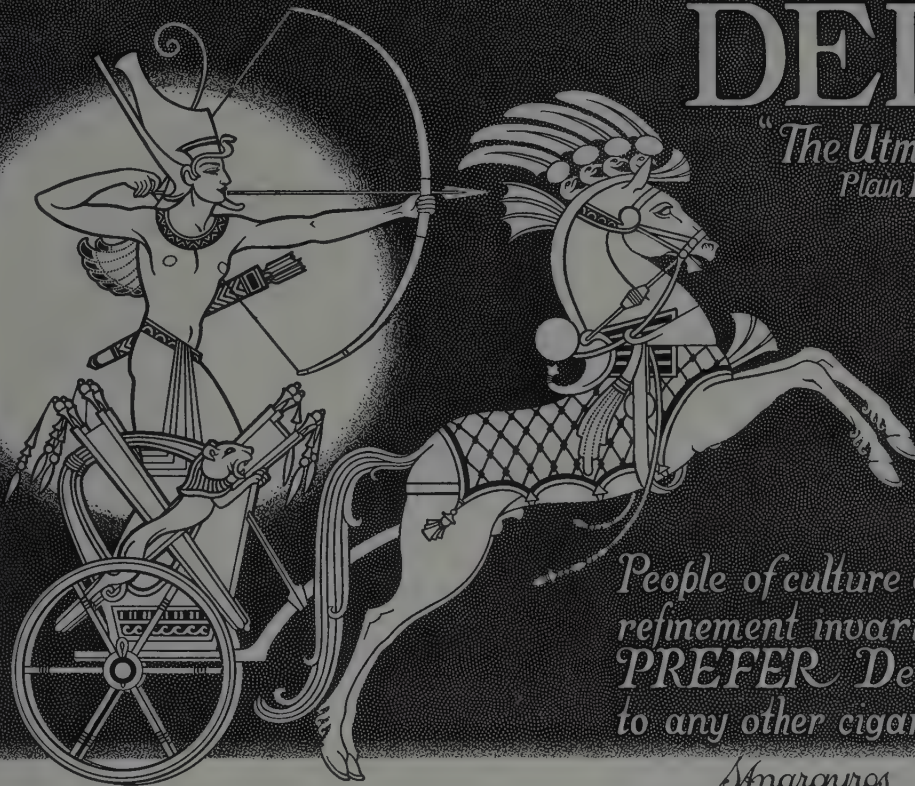
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The *Play Diary* is bound in silk cloth, 10 x 14, with gold lettering on the covers. Japanese vellum is used throughout its eighty pages, and there is a title page and index, so you may instantly refer to each play.

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(Continued from page 39)

of plays is as long today as it was when Polonius tried to tell to Hamlet the sorts offered by the traveling players. Drama, tragedy, comedy, melodrama, farce, fantasy, classic, poem-mime, legitimate, satire, allegory, spectacle, problem, farce-comedy, masque, juvenile; the enumeration may be extended even further. Learn to know quickly when you have chosen the wrong kind; learn—and this is more important—exactly why it is inappropriate. Judge all later possibilities from past experiences.

Never offend the sensibilities of your audience. A professional producer may decide to risk a performance which will stir up antagonism; but he is offering a thing for public patronage. People need no more attend his theater than they need smoke a certain brand of poor cigaret. But in amateur dramatics there should be—there always is—a different relation between performers and audience. When you have seen your audience display respectful boredom because you are enthusiastically offering a second Greek drama, do not doggedly set your teeth and utter, "Greek tragedy is good for them;—they've got to like it! Don't force a long series of Irish one-act plays upon them. Don't make them sit through too many costumed romances. Don't give a long series of situations depicting the down-trodden laboring man. Spare the triangle, whether right angled or any other kind. Learn to build up a bill, a season, as the careful leader of a symphony orchestra composes his programs, his successive concerts. Relief does not mean a sinking below the level of your audience and your own ideals. Many a laugh-provoking comedy is as intellectual as a preaching problem play.

audiences becomes theatre trained—for people can be educated in dramatics exactly as they can be in musical appreciation—you may try anything. But never lose sight of the principle of variety and relief. Even when the bill is announced as *Plays from the Italian* there should be no two closely similar. An evening might include the passionate drama of the Middle Ages, *The Dream*, an *Autumn Sunset* by D'Annunzio, the poetic *Game of Chess* by Giacosa, and the scandalous but laughable *Honorable Lover* by Bracco. An Irish bill could secure variety by including a symbolic poem by Yeats, a farce-comedy by Synge, a genre study of Lady Gregory, and a satire by Bernard Shaw. You could even secure variety by repeating one act from a Shakespeare comedy in several different manners—Elizabethan, the usual way, in the modern style, etc.

As you learn more and more about material for amateur acting you will feel the temptation growing stronger and stronger to devote more care and energy to production. Up to a certain point this desire is laudable for it is in methods of production that amateurs can do most. But remember always as a corrective to this that "the play's the thing." Never kill a good play by overproduction. Never slight the first requisite of dramatics—good acting.

IN order to choose wisely you must know many plays. The best way to become thoroughly acquainted with a play is to see it acted. For amateur plays this is, in most cases, manifestly impossible. You must read plays. Your fellow actors and even non-acting associates must read plays. Fortunately the best plays—full length and one-act—are now fairly accessible in print. Read announcements and notices of all things dramatic. Attend as many performances as you can. Above all, keep lists and notes of all plays you consider in the slightest degree possible for production by your organization.

The foregoing may appear a great deal to consider in a matter which may seem to be merely a preliminary, but any director will tell you that when a play has been rightly selected and properly cast, the longest step has been taken towards its successful performance. There remains only the rehearsing and the actual producing.

NOTE: If you will send a request to Mr. Stratton, care of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, inclosing one dollar to cover cost of typing, postage, etc., a list will be forwarded containing brief annotations on 200 plays suitable for amateurs; 100 full length plays, 100 one-act plays.




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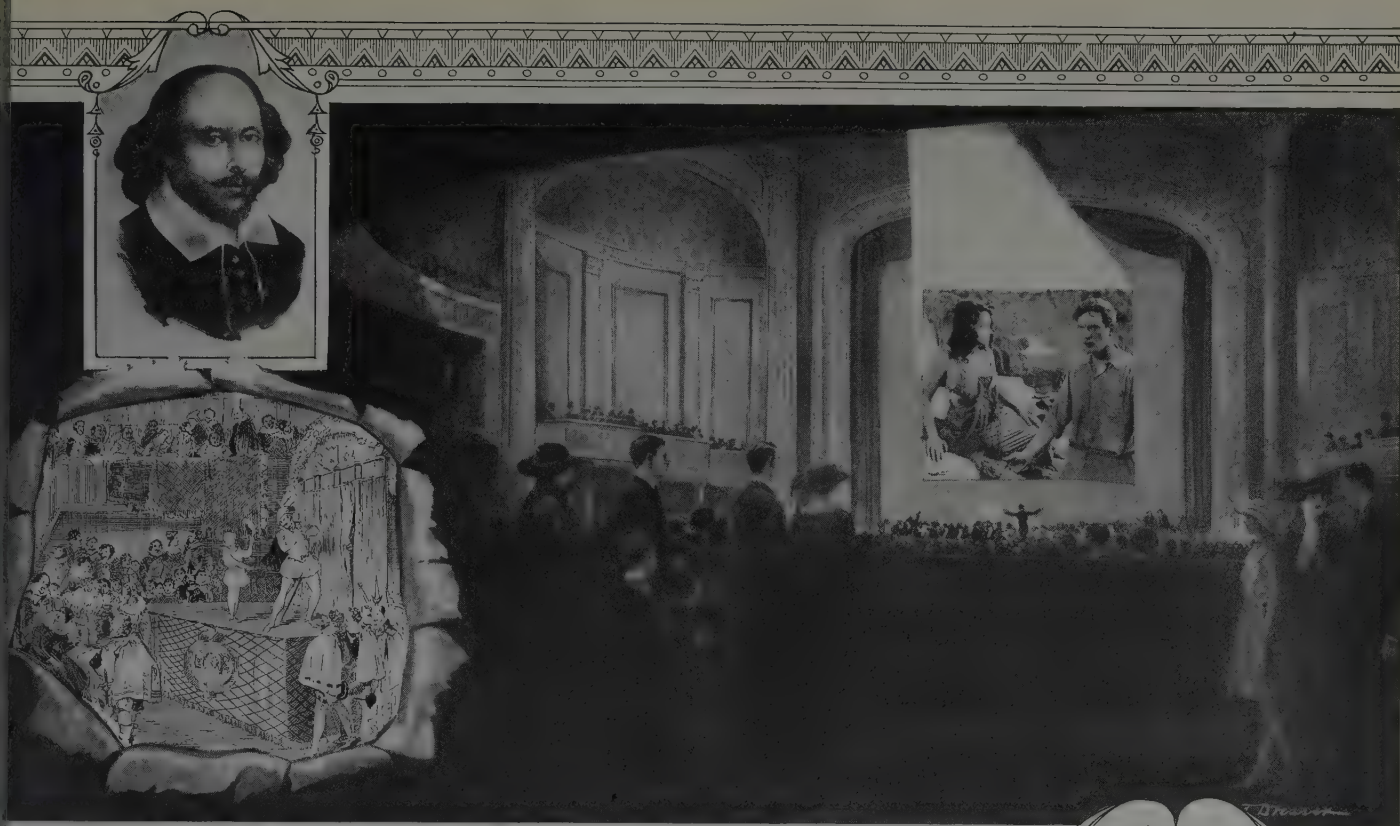
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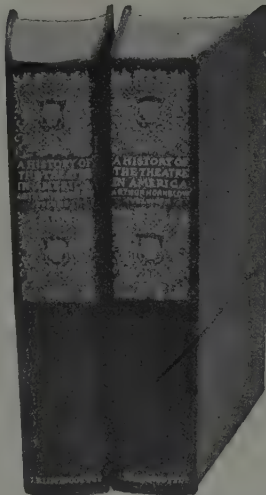
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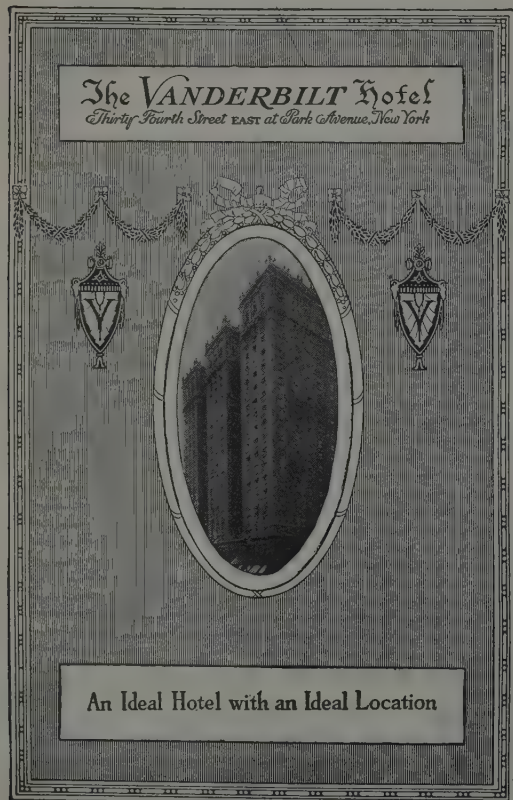
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A group from the Victory Pageant at Dreamworld, Scituate, Mass., in which all the young folks of the community participated

A PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

MUCH has been said recently about encouraging amateur dramatics in communities—and while others have been talking—the War Camp Community Service has gone to work, with heartening results, spreading broadcast the community idea.

MISS ALICE KEITH, Director of Amateur Dramatics of the New England Division, is enthusiastic over the potentialities for community participation in pageants, plays and operettas, and she advances an interesting and practicable program which she has tried out with success in New England and more especially, Worcester, Mass.

SHE advocates the formation of a strong local committee in each community or town, composed of people of talent and vision who are able to give their services as volunteer coaches, this committee to review material, suggest plays and outline the annual dramatic program as well as furnish coaches for various groups and supervise the production of short plays by local clubs, social settlements, churches, schools and other organizations.

MISS KEITH finds that well-coached light operas of the Gilbert and Sullivan type, serve as an admirable substitute for minstrel shows, are always more popular with the people, and may be made a vehicle of educational propaganda, bringing together a number of people, because like a minstrel show, they require large casts. Music, with its unfailing appeal for the masses finds a ready response in such operas as "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl," with their tuneful melodies, and with professional soloists in the principal rôles and local choruses, they are always a huge success, because of the opportunities for community participation.

IT goes without saying that community pageants in celebration of events of civic and social importance enlist the interest of the greatest number of people and serve most to bring all classes together. Miss Keith's program, however, may be put into effect successfully in every community in the country. A new interest in the Drama and the Play has been awakened, and amateur activities during the coming year, will be many and varied.



© Arthur S. Adams

(Upper Center)

"How the Vote Was Won" a comedy the cast of which was made up of members of the Girls' Club of Worcester—and if we are to believe in the camera, they entered into the spirit of their parts with much gusto.



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Miss Alice Keith, Director of Amateur Dramatics of the New England Division of the War Camp Community Service, who has successfully organized the young people of Worcester, Scituate and other Massachusetts cities, into enthusiastic groups of players



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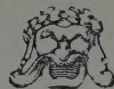


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THEATRE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1920



NOW that the printers' strike and all other calamities seem to be over, we are prepared to give our readers a better, breezier, brighter magazine than ever.

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play. You can go with him if you follow his sprightly, authoritative criticisms in each issue.

Angelina—that delightful flapper who has endeared herself to all our readers—takes you to the smartest shops and shows you where the loveliest feminine accessories can be obtained.

The Motion Pictures Section, exquisitely illustrated, tells you what's what and who's who in film-land.

The Programme of Fashion raises the curtain on New York's stages and shows what the best dressed actresses are wearing not only on the stage, but in private life.

And—

We mustn't overlook the hundreds of beautiful pictures that adorn each issue. A particularly fine collection of them will appear in the March number!

AUDIENCES can always choose what actors they care to see.

But Donald MacDonald, a young actor himself, suggests an innovation in the next issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

"Let the Actor Choose His Audience," he says.

But how?

Read his article and learn some of your faults from an actor's

point of view, Mr. and Mrs. Theatre-goer.

There comes a time in the lives of most players when the footlight glamor

which spurred them on so eagerly at the beginning of their careers, begins to fade.

In other words, when they reach the top of the ladder, they find their cup of happiness is not as full as they fondly expected it to be.

Mme. Calvé, the famous operatic favorite, was the first to give public utterance to this philosophy of shattered illusions, and she has since been followed by Mrs. James Brown Potter, another prime favorite, who declares solemnly that she will never enter a theatre again.

In the next number, Ada Patterson will write on "When Footlight Glamor Fades."

Stars of the stage!

How were they made?

How long did it take before they reached stardom?

These questions, over which theatre-goers have wondered, are all answered by Harold Seton in the March issue!

"The Gold Diggers" is one of the biggest successes of the season.

And so is Ina Claire who plays the leading rôle in it!

In a characteristic THEATRE MAGAZINE interview, in the March issue, Miss Claire says:

"One of the critics thinks I imitate Jane Cowl. My profile is like hers. But I can't help my nose. I had nothing to do with its fashioning. Two critics said I imitate Laurette Taylor? She plays an Irish part and I am of Irish blood. My name is Fagan."

If you want to read more about Miss Claire—the girl who wants to know—you'd better order the March number.

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